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The Birth of Merlin

“Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR AND WILLIAM ROWLEY”

1662

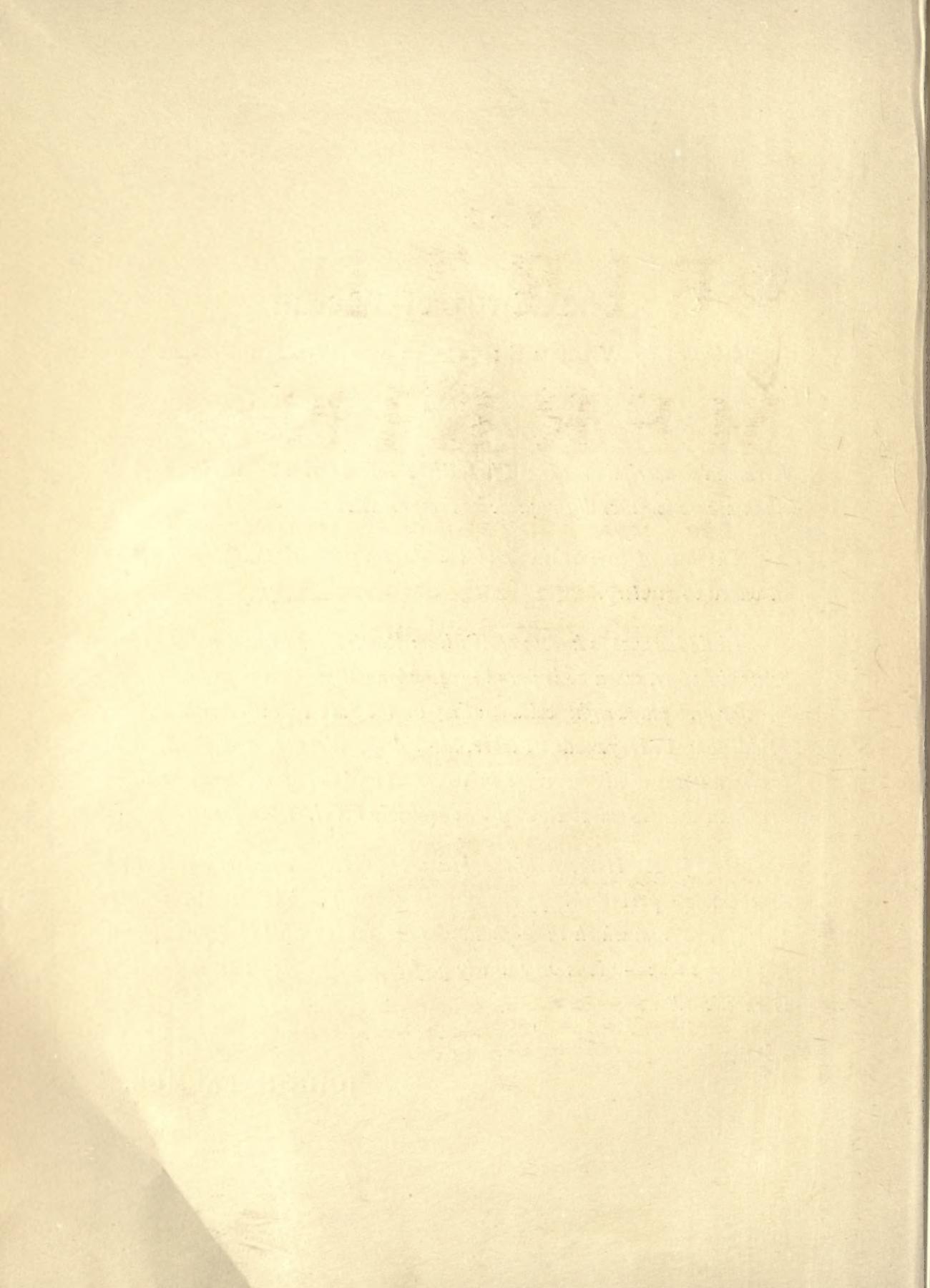
Kirkman’s ascription of “The Birth of Merlin” as in part to Shakespeare is generally regarded as improbable.

The date of composition and the stage-history of the play are also shrouded in mystery.

Little likewise is known of William Rowley. The first notice of him occurs in 1607, when he is found in London following the double calling of actor and playwright, collaborating in the last capacity with Dekker, Middleton, T. Heywood, Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, and Ford. The last mention is of his marriage in 1637. The dates of his birth or death are unknown. Samuel Rowley was probably his elder brother.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original [B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 7, from which these facsimiles are made: another copy is C. 12, f. 1 (6)], says:—“It is very nearly perfect In all essentials it is excellent.”

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
BIRTH
O F
MERLIN:

OR,
The Childe hath found his Father.

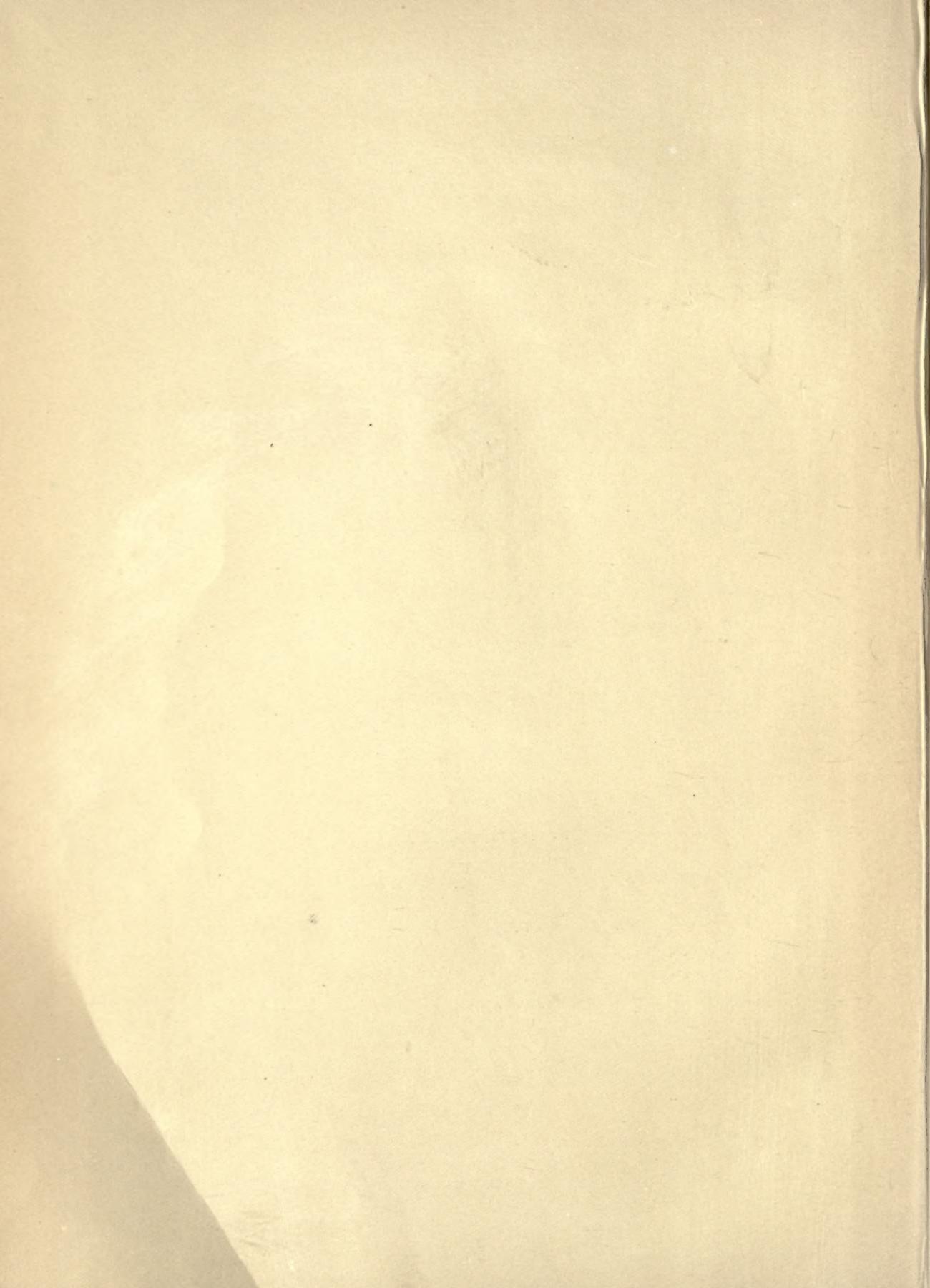
As it hath been several times Acted
with great Applause.

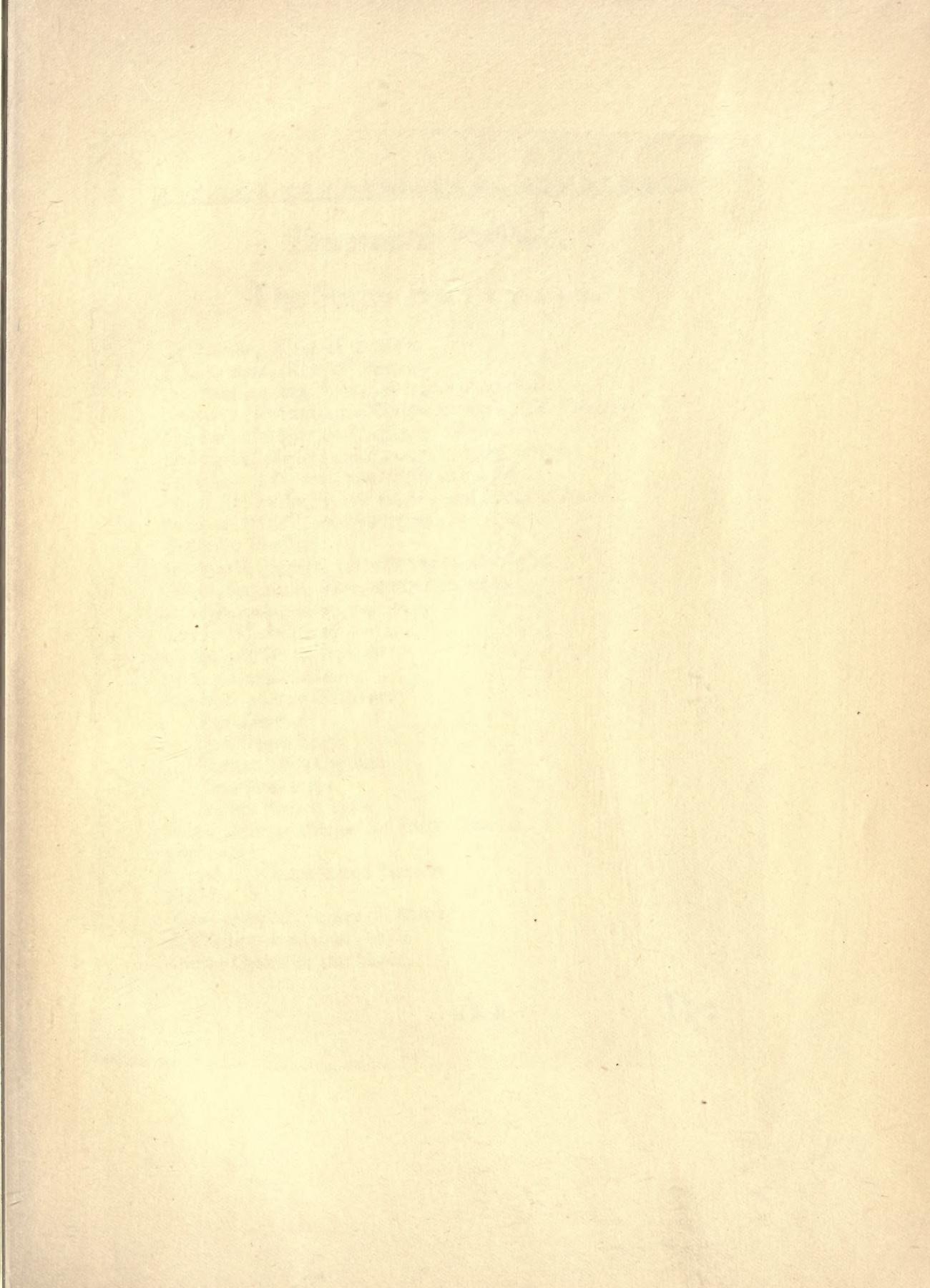
Written by *William Shakespear*, and
William Rowley.

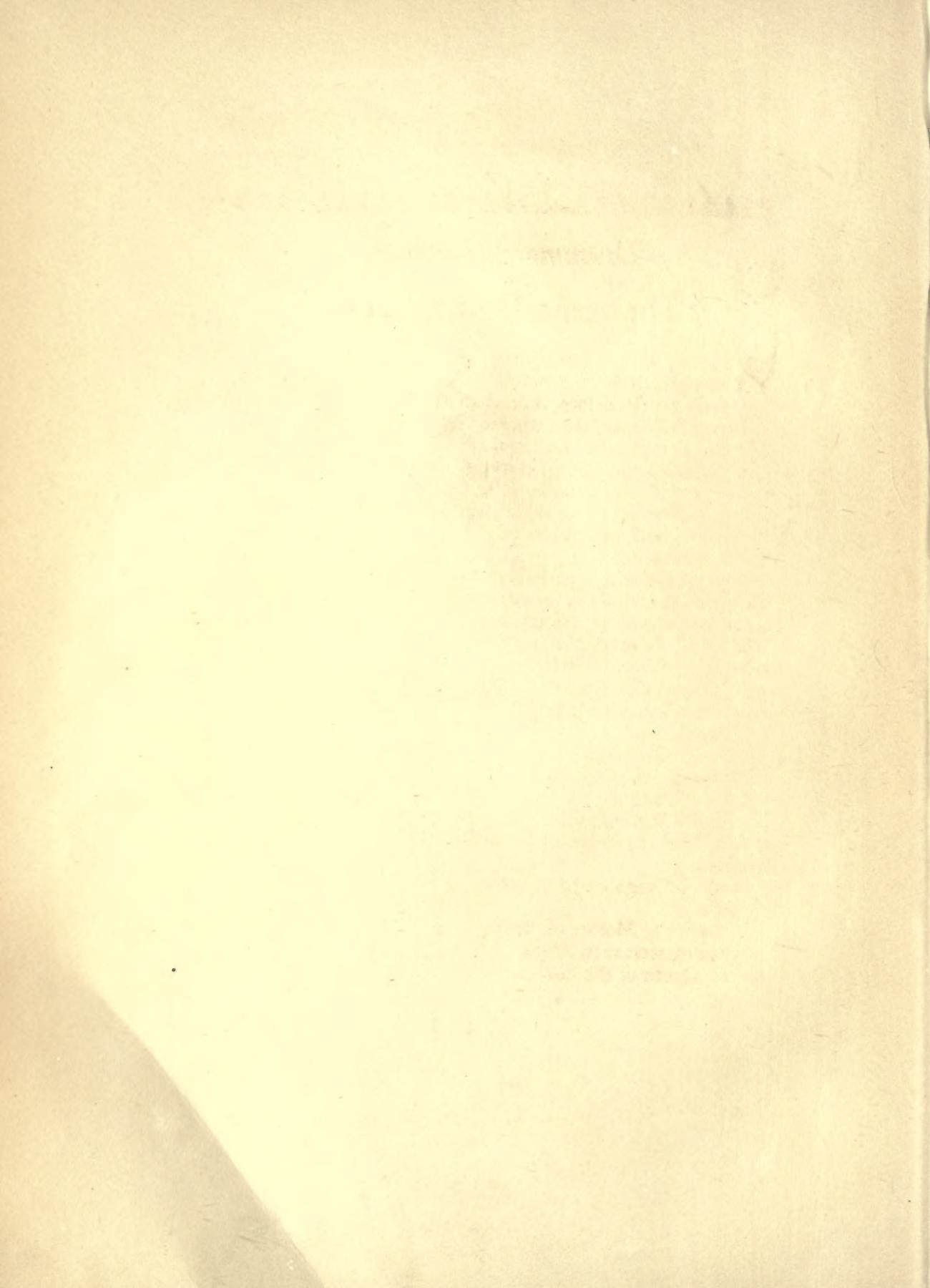
Placere cupio.



LONDON: Printed by Tho. Johnson for Francis Kirkman, and
Henry Marsh, and are to be sold at the Princes Arms in
Chancery-Lane. 1662.







Drammatis Personæ.

The Scene BRITTAINE.

Aurelius, King of Britain.
Vortiger, King of Britain.

Uter Pendragon the Prince, Brother to Aurelius.

Donobert a Nobleman, and Father to Constantia and Modestia.

The Earl of Gloster, and Father to Edwyn.

Edoll Earl of Chester, and General to King Aurelius

Cador Earl of Cornwall, and Suitor to Constantia

Edwyn, Son to the Earl of Gloster, and Suitor to Modestia

Toclio and Oswald, two Noblemen

Merlin the Prophet

Anselme the Hermit, after Bishop of Winchester.

Clown, brother to Jone, mother of Merlin

Sir Nichodemus Nothing, a Courtier

The Devil, father of Merlin

Ostoriu, the Saxon General

Otta, a Saxon Nobleman

Proximus, a Saxon Magician

Two Bishops

Two Saxon Lords

Two of Edols Captains

Two Gentlemen

A little Antick Spirit

Artesia, Sister to Ostoriu the Saxon General

Constantia, and Daughters to Donobert

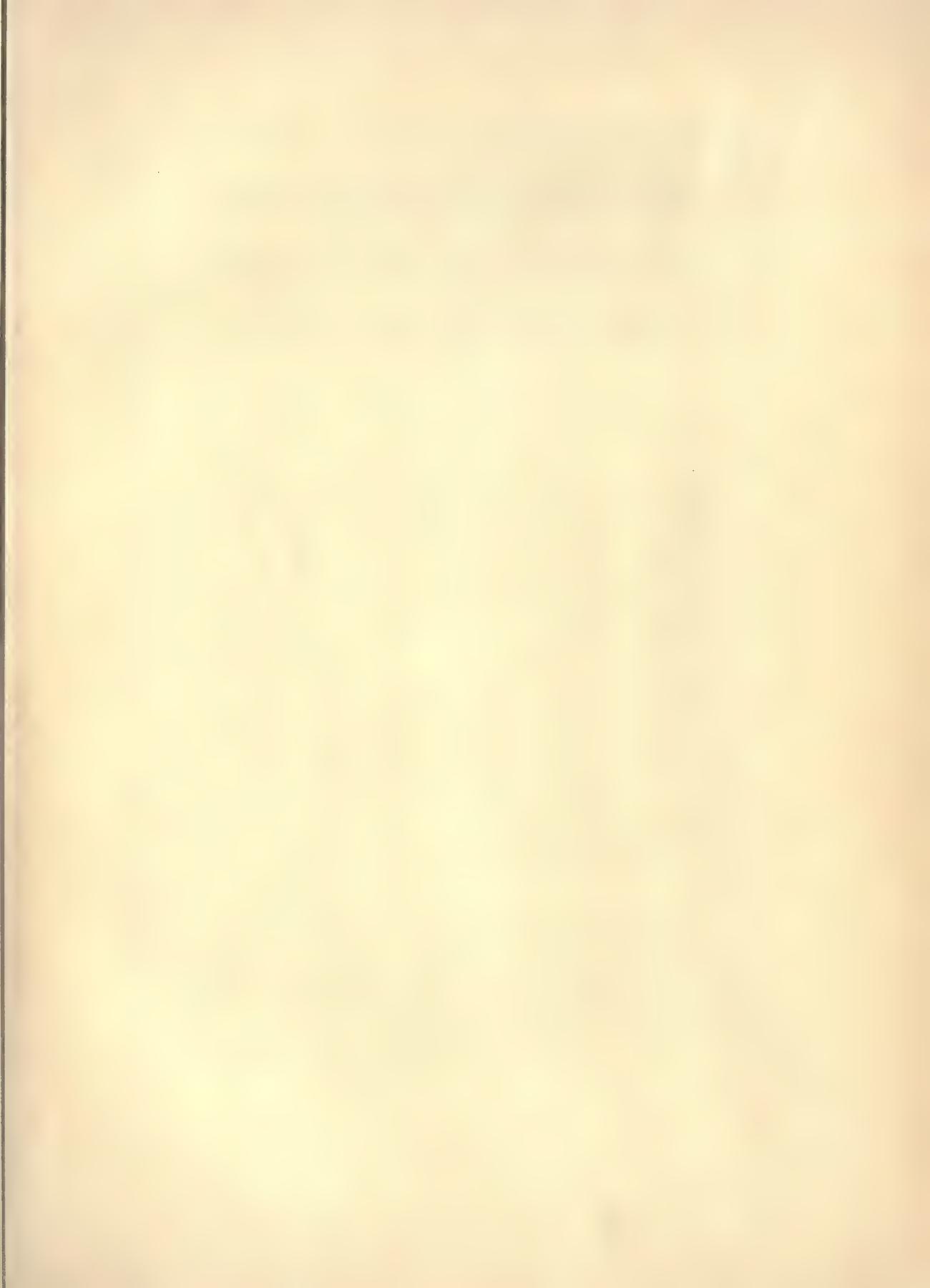
Modestia

Jone Goë-too't, Mother of Merlin

A Waiting-woman to Artesia

Lucina, Queen of the Shades.





THE BIRTH OF MERLIN:
OR,
The Childe hath found his Father.

ACTUS. I.

Enter Donobert, Gloster, Cador, Edwin, Constantia, and Modestia.

Cador **Y**OU teach me language, sir, as one that knows the Debt of Love I owe unto their Vertues, wherein like a true Courtier I have fed my self with hope of fair Succes, and now attend your wisht consent to my long Suit.

Dono. Believe me, youthful Lord, time could not give an opportunity more fitting your desires, always provided my Daughters love be suited with my Grant. *Cador.* 'Tis the condition sir, her Promise seal'd. *Dono.* If so, *Constantia*?

Constan. I was content to give him words for oathes, he swore so oft he lov'd me. *Dono.* That thou believest him?

Const. He is a man I hope. *Dono.* That's in the trial Girl.

Const. However I am a woman, sir. *Dono.* The Law's on thy side then, sha't have a Husband, I, and a worthy one: Take her brave Cornwall, and make our happiness great as our wishes.

Cador. Sir, I thank you. *Gloft.* Double the fortunes of the day, my Lord, and crown my wishes too: I have a son here, who in my absence would protest no less unto your other Daughter. *Dono.* Ha *Gloster*, is it so? what says Lord *Edwin*? will she protest as much to thee?

Edwin. Else must she want some of her Sisters faith, Sir.

Modestia. Of her credulity much rather, Sir: My Lord, you are a Soldier, and methinks the height of that Profession should diminish all heat of Loves desires, being so late employ'd in blood and ruine. *Edwin.* The more my Conscience tyes me to re-

pair

The Birth of Merlin:

pair the worlds losses in a new succession. *Modest.* Necessity it seems ties your affections then, and at that rate I would unwillingly be thrust upon you, a wife is a dish soon cloys, sir.

Edwin. Weak and diseased appetites it may. *Modest.* Most of your making have dull stomachs sir. *Dono.* If that be all Girl, thou shalt quicken him, be kinde to him *Modesta.* Noble *Edwin,* let it suffice what's mine in her, speaks yours; For her consent, let your fair suit go on, She is a woman sir, and will be won.

Enter Toctio.

Edwin. You give me comfort sir. *Dono.* Now *Toctio.*

Toctio. The King, my honor'd Lords, requires your presence, and calls a Council for return of answer unto the parling enemy, whose Embassadors are on the way to Court. *Dono.* So suddenly, *Chester* it seems has ply'd them hard at war, they sue so fast for peace, which by my advice they ne're shall have, unless they leave the Realm. Come noble *Gloster,* let's attend the King, it lies sir in your Son to do me pleasure, and save the charges of a Wedding Dinner,

If you'll make haste to end your Love affairs,
One colt may give discharge to both my cares. *Exit Dono. Glost.*

Edwin. I'le do my best. *Cador.* Now *Toctio,* what stirring news at Court? *Toctio.* Oh my Lord, the Court's all fill'd with rumor, the City with news, and the Country with wonder, and all the bells i'th' Kingdom must proclaim it, we have a new Holy-day a coming. *Consta.* A holy-day! for whom? for thee?

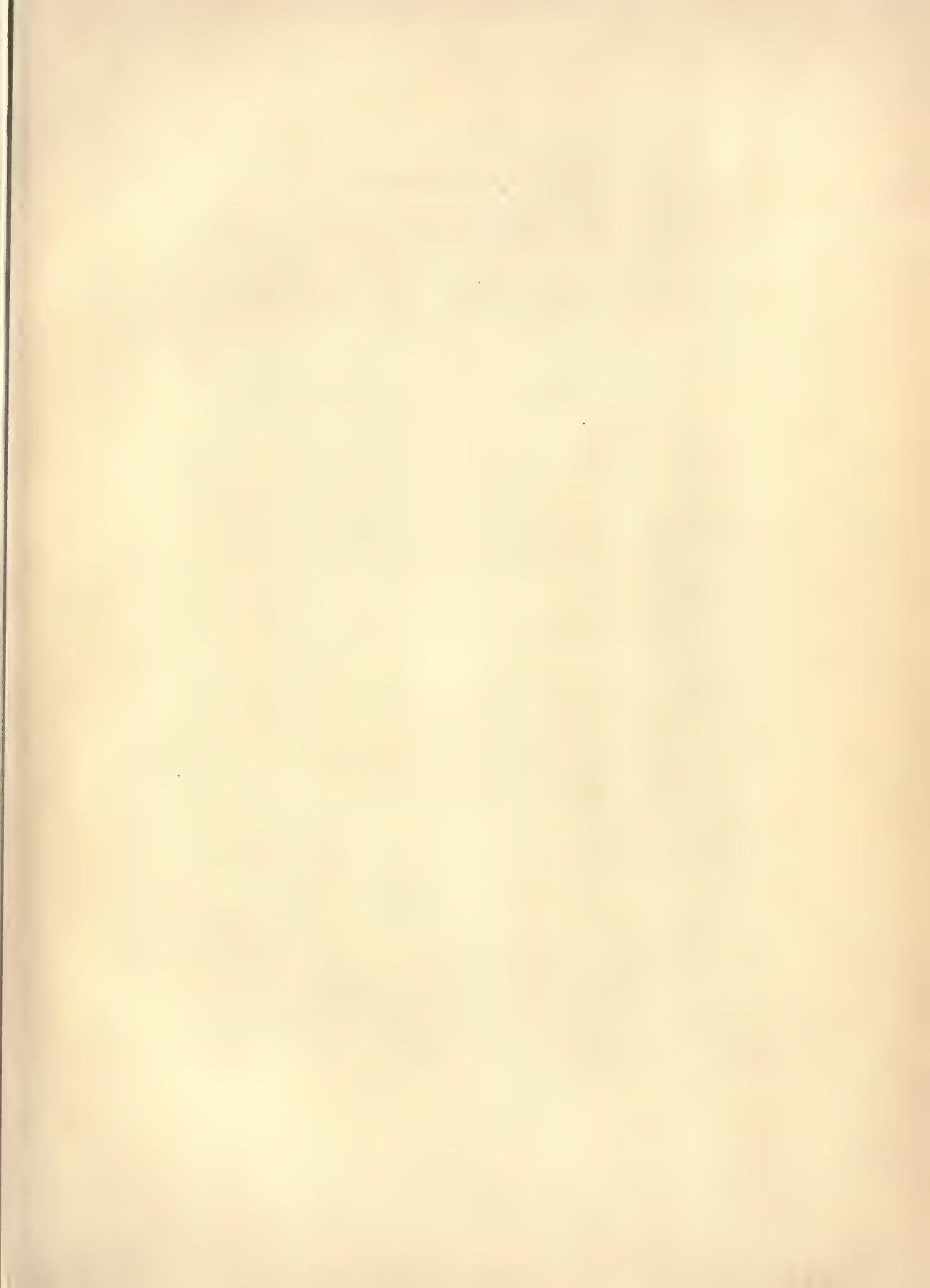
Toctio. Me, Madam! 'sfoot I'de be loath that any man should make a holy-day for me yet: In brief 'tis thus, there's here arriv'd at Court, sent by the Earl of *Chester* to the King, a man of rare esteem for holyness, a reverent Hermit, that by miracle not onely saved our army, but without aid of man o'rethrew the pagan Host, and with such wonder sir, as might confirm a Kingdom to his faith.

Edwin. This is strange news indeed, where is he?

Toctio. In conference with the King that much respects him.

Modest. Trust me, I long to see him. *Toctio.* Faith you will finde no great pleasure in him, for ought that I can see Lady, they say he is half a Prophet too, would he could tell me any news of the lost Prince, there's twenty Talents offer'd to him that finds him. *Cador.* Such news was breeding in the morning.

Toctio.



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Toclio. And now it has birth and life sir, if fortune blesse me I'll once more search those woods where then we lost him, I know not yet what fate may follow me.

Cador. Fortune go with you sir, come fair Mistris, your Sister and Lord *Edwin* are in game, and all their wits at stake to win the Set. *Consta.* My sister has the hand yet, we had best leave them, She will be out anon as well as I, *He wants but cunning to put in a Dye.* *Exit Cador. Constan.*

Edwin. You are a cunning Gamester, Madam.

Modest. It is a desperate Game indeed this Marriage, where there's no winning without loss to either. *Edwin.* Why, what but your perfection noble Lady, can bar the worthines of this my suit? if so you please I count my happiness, from difficult obtaining, you shall see my duty and obseruance.

Modest. There shall be place to neither, noble sir, I do beseech you let this mild Reply give answer to your suit, for here I vow if e're I change my Virgin name by you, it gains or looses.

Edwin. My wishes have their own. *Modest.* Let them confine you then, as to my promise, you give faith and credence?

Edwin. In your command my willing absence speaks it. *Exit.*
Modest. Noble and vertuous: could I dream of Marriage, I should affect thee *Edwin*: oh my soul, here's something tells me that these best of creatures, these models of the world, weak man and woman, should have their souls, their making, life, and being, to some more excellent use: if what the sense calls pleasure were our ends, we might justly blame great natures wisdom, who rear'd a building of so much art and beauty to entertain a guest so far incertain, so imperfect: if onely speech distinguish us from beasts, who know no inequality of birth or place, but still to fly from goodness: oh, how base were life at such a rate! no, no, that power that gave to man his being, speech, and wisdom, gave it for thankfulness: To him alone that
Made me thus, may I whence truly know,
I'll pay to him, not man, the love I owe.

Flourish Cornets. Enter *Aurelius King of Brittain, Denobert,*

Gloster, Cador, Edwin, Toclio, Oswoold, and Attendants.

Aurelius. No tiding of our brother yet? 'Tis strange, so ne're the Court, and in our own Land too, and yet no news of him: oh this

The Birth of Merlin:

this loss tempers the sweetness of our happy conquests, with much-
untimely sorrow.

Dono. Royal sir, his safety being unque-
stion'd, should to time leave the redress of sorrow, were he dead, or

taken by the foe, our fatal loss had wanted no quick Herald to dis-
close it.

Aurelius. That hope alone sustains me, nor will we
be so ingrateful unto heaven to question what we fear, with what
we enjoy. Is answer of our message yet return'd from that religi-
ous man, the holy Hermit, sent by the Earl of Chester to confirm
us in that miraculous act? For 'twas no less, our Army being in
rout; nay, quite o'rethrown, as Chester writes; even then this holy
man arm'd with his cross and staff, went smiling on, and boldly
fronts the foe; at sight of whom the Saxons stood amaz'd: for to
their seeming, above the Hermit head appear'd such brightness, such
clear and glorious beams as if our men march't all in fire, wherewith
the Pagans fled, and by our troops were all to death pursu'd.

Gloster. 'Tis full of wonder sir.

Aurel. Oh Gloster, he's a jewelworth a Kingdom: where's Oswoold
with his answer?

Oswoold. 'Tis here my Royal Lord.

Aurel. In writing, will

he not sit with us?

Oswoold. His Orizons perform'd, he bad me

say he would attend with all submision.

Aurel. Proceed to

council then, and let some give order, the Embassadors being

come, to take our answer, they have admittance.

Oswoold. To this,

be it your charge: and now my Lords, observe the holy councel

of this reverend Hermit: [reads] As you respect your safety, limit not

that onely power that hath protected you, trust not an open enemy too far;

He's yet a looser; and knows you have won,

Mischief, not ended, are but then begun.

Anselme the Hermit.

Dono. Powerful and pithie, which my advice confirms, no man

leaves physick when his sickness flakes, but doubles the receipts: the

word of Peace seems fair to blood-shot eyes, but being appli'd with

such a medicine as blinds all the sight, argues desire of Cure, but

not of Art.

Aurel. You argue from defects, if botht the name,

and the condition of the Peace be one, it is to be prefer'd, and in

the offer made by the Saxon, I fee nought repugnant.

Gloster. The time of Truce requir'd for thirty days, carries su-

spcion in it, since half that space will serve to strength their weak-

ned Regiment.

Cador. Who in less time will undertake to



Or, 7 be Childe hath found his Father.

free our Country from them. *Edwin.* Leave that unto our fortune. *Dono.* Is not our bold, and hopeful General still Master of the field, their Legious falm, the rest intrencht for fear, half starv'd, and wounded, and shall we now give o're our fair advantage? force heaven, my Lord, the danger is far more, in trusting to their words, then to their weapons.

Enter Oswold.

Oswold. The Embassadors are come sir. *Aurel.* Conduct them in, we are resolv'd my Lords, since policy fail'd in the beginning, it shall have no hand in the conclusion, that heavenly power that hath so well begun their fatal overthrow I know can end it, from which fair hope, my self will give them answer.

Flourish Cornets. *Enter Artesia with the Saxon Lords.*

Dono. What's here, a woman Orator? *Aurel.* Peace *Donobert*, speak, what are you Lady? *Artes.* The sister of the *Saxon General*, warlike *Ostoria* the East Anglese King, my name *Artesia*, who in terms of love brings peace and health to great *Aurelius*, wishing she may return as fair a present as she makes tender of.

Aurel. The fairest present e're mine eyes were blest with, command a chair there for this *Saxon Beauty*: sit Lady, we'll confer: your warlike brother sues for a peace, you say?

Artes. With endless love unto your State and Person.

Aurel. Ha's sent a moving Orator believe me, what thinkst thou *Donobert*? *Dono.* Believe me sir, were I but yong agen this gilded pill might take my stomach quickly. *Aurel.* True, thou art old, how soon we do forget our own defects. Fair damsel, oh my tongue turns Traitor, and will betray my heart, sister to our enemy: 's death her beauty mazes me, I cannot speak if I but look on her, what's that we did conclude? *Dono.* This Royal Lord.

Aurel. Pish, thou canst not utter it: fair'st of creatures, tell the King your Brother that we in love, ha' and honor to our Country, command his Armies to depart our Realm, but if you p'ease fair soul-Lord *Donobert*, 'deliver you our pleasure. *Dono.* I shall sir, Lady return, and certifie your brother. *Aurel.* Thou art too blunt, and rude, return so soon, fie, let her stay, and send some messenger to certifie our pleasure. *Dono.* What meanes your Grace? *Aurel.* To give her time of rest to her long Journey, we would not willingly be thought uncivil. *Artes.* Great King

The Birth of Merlin:

of Brittan, let it not seem strange to embrace the Princely Offers
of a friend,

Whose vertues with thine own, in fairest merit
Both States in Peace and Love may now inherit.

Aurel. She speaks of Love agen, sure 'tis my fear, she knows I
do not hate her. *Artes.* Be then thy self most great *Aureliu*,

and let not envy, nor a deeper sin in these thy Councillors, deprive
thy goodness of that fair honor, we in seeking peace, give first to
thee, who never use to sue but force our wishes; yet if this seem
light, oh let my sex, though worthless your respect, take the report
of thy humanity,

Whose mild and vertuous life loud fame displayes,
As being o'recome by one so worthy praise.

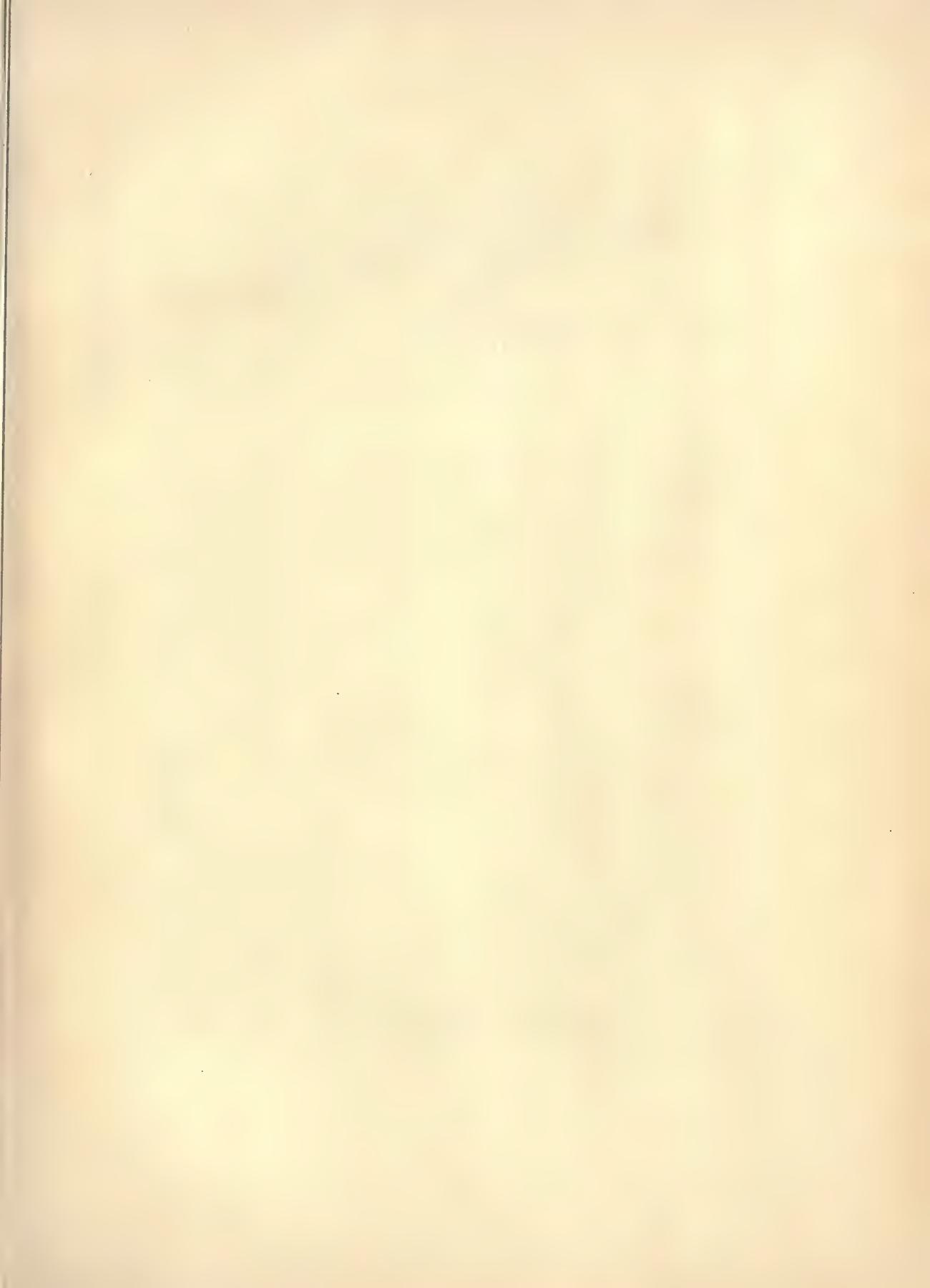
Aurel. She has an Angels tongue, speak still. *Dono.* This
flattery is gross sir, hear no more on't, Lady, these childish comple-
ments are needless, you have your answer, and believe it, Madam,
his Grace, though yong, doth wear within his breast too grave &
Councillor to be seduc't by smoothing flattery, or oyly words.

Artes. I come not sir, to woole him. *Dono.* Twere folly if
you should, you must not wed him, shame take thy tongie, being
old and weak thy self, thou doat'st, and looking on thine own de-
fектs, speak'lt what thou'dst wish in me, do I command the deeds
of others, mine own act not free?

Be please'd to smile or frown, we respect neither,
My will and rule shall stand and fall together.
Most fair *Artesia*, see the King descends to give thee welcome with
these warlike *Saxons*, and now on equal terms both sues and grants,
instead of Truce, let a perpetual League seal our united bloods in
holy marriage, send the East Angles King this happy news, that
thou with me hast made a League for ever, and added to his state
a friend and brother: speak dearest Love, dare you confirm this
Title? *Artes.* I were no woman to deny a good so high and
noble to my fame and Country. *Aurel.* Live then a Queen in
Brittan. *Glost.* He meanes to marry her.

Dono. Death! he shall marry the devil first, marry a *Pagan*, an
Idolater. *Cador.* He has won her quickly.

Edwin. She was wo'd afore she came sure, or came of purpose
to conclude the Match. *Aurel.* Who dares oppose our will? my
Lord



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Lord of *Gloster*, be you Embassador unto our Brother, the Brother of our Queen *Artesia*, tell him for such our entertainment looks him, our marriage adding to the happiness,
Of our intended joys, mans good or ill,

In this like waves agree, come double still, *Enter Hermis.*
Who's this, the Hermit? Welcome my happiness, our Countries hope, most reverent holy man, I wanted but thy blessing to make perfect the infinite sum of my felicity.

Hermit. Alack sweet Prince, that happiness is yonder, Felicity and thou art far asunder,

this world can never give it. *Aurel.* Thou art deceiv'd, see here what I have found, Beauty, Alliance, Peace, and strength of Friends, all in this all exceeding excellency; the League's confirm'd.

Hermit. With whom, dear Lord? *Aurel.* With the great Brother of this Beauteous woman, the Royal *Saxon King*.

Hermit. Oh then I fee, and fear thou art too near thy misery, what magick could so linck thee to this mischief by all the good that thou hast reapt by me, stand further from destruction.

Aurel. Speak as a man, and I shall hope to obey thee.

Hermit. Idolaters get hence, fond King, let go, Thou hug'st thy ruine, and thy Countries woe.

Dono. Well spoke old Father, too him, bait him soundly, now by heavens blest Lady, I can scarce keep patience.

1 Saxon Lord. What devil is this? *2 Saxon Lord.* That cursed Christian, by whose hellish charmes our army was o'rethrown. *Hermit.* Why do you dally sir? oh tempt not heaven, warm not a serpent in your naked bosom, discharge them from your Court.

Aurel. Thou speak'st like madnes, command the frozen shepherd to the shade, when he sits warm i'th' Sun, the fever sick to add more heat unto his burning pain, these may obey, 'tis less extremity then thou enjoynst to me: cast but thine eye upon this beauty, do it, I'll forgive thee, though jealousie in others findes no pardon, then say thou dost not love me, I shall then swear th'art immortal, and no earthly man, oh blame then my mortallity, noe me.

Hermit. It is thy weakness brings thy misery, unhappy Prince.

Aurel. Be milder in thy doom.

Hermit. 'Tis you that must indure heavens doom, which-faln, remember's just.

Artes. Thou shalt not live to see it: how fares

The Birth of Merlin :

fares my Lord? If my poor presence breed dislike, great Prince,
I am no such neglected soul, will seek to tie you to your word.

Aurel. My word dear Love, may my Religion, Crown, State,
and Kingdom fail, when I fail thee, command Earl Chester to break
up the camp, without disturbance to our Saxon friends, send every
hour swift posts to hasten on the King her Brother, to conclude
this League, this endless happy Peace of Love and Marriage, till
when provide for Revels, and give charge that nought be wanting,
which make our Triumphs

Sportful and free to all, if such fair blood *Exit all but Hermit.*
Ingender ill, man must not look for good. *Florish.*

Enter Modesta reading in a book.

Modesta. How much the oft report of this blest *Hermit*, hath
won on my desires; I must behold him, and sure this should be he,
oh the worlds folly, proud earth and dust, how low a price bears
goodness, all that should make man absolute, shines in him: much
reverent Sir, may I without offence give interruption to your holy
thoughts? *Hermit.* What would you Lady? *Modest.* That
which till now ne're found a language in me, I am in love.

Her. In Love, with what? *Modest.* With virtue?

Her. There's no blame in that. *Modest.* Nay sir, with you?
With your Religious Life? Your Virtue, Goodness, if there be
a name to express affection greater, that, that would I learn and
utter: Reverent Sir, if there be any thing to bar my suit, be chari-
table and expose it, your prayers are the same Orisons, which I
will number. Holy Sir, keep not instruction back from willingness,
possess me of that knowledge leads you on to this humility, for
well I know were greatness good, you would not live so low.

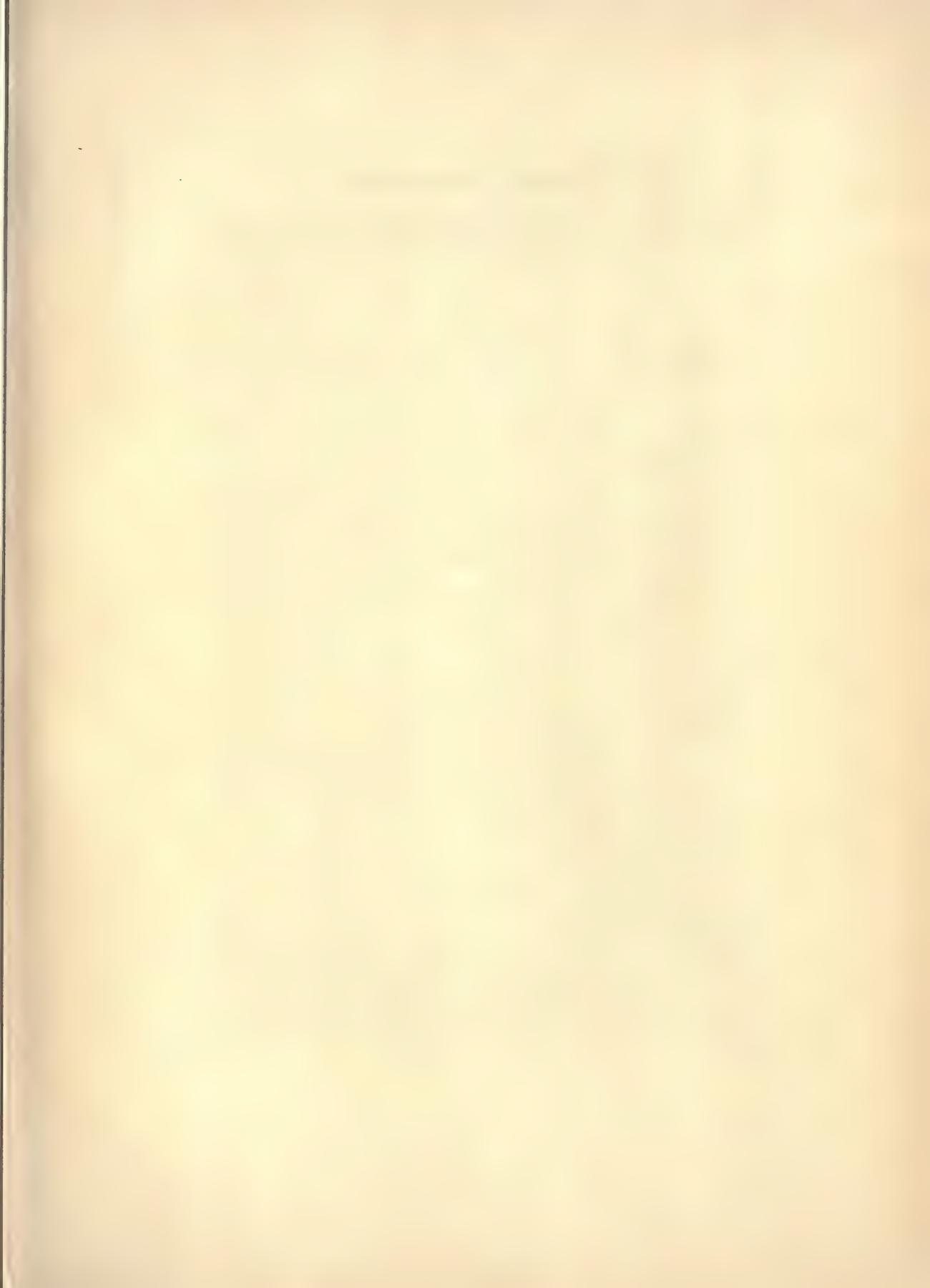
Her. Are you a Virgin? *Modest.* Yes Sir? *Her.* Your name?

Modest. Modesta? *Her.* Your name and virtues meet, a
Modest Virgin, live ever in the sanctimonious way to Heaven
and Happiness, there's goodness in you, I must instruct you further;
come look up, behold yon firmament, there sits a power, whose
foot-stool is this earth, oh learn this lesson,
And practise it, he that will climb so high,
Must leave no joy beneath, to move his eye.

Modest. I apprehend you sir, on Heaven I fix my love,
Earth gives us grief, our joys are all above,

Exit.

For



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

For this was man in innocence naked born,
To show us wealth hinder's our sweet return.

Exit.

A c t u s II.

Enter Clown, and his Sister great with childe.

Clown. **A** Way, follow me no further, I am none of thy brother, what with Childe, great with Childe, and knows not whose the Father on't, I am ashamed to call thee Sister.

Joan. Believe me Brother, he was a Gentleman.

Clown. Nay, I believe that, he gives arms, and legs too, and has made you the Herald to blaze 'em, but *Joan, Joan*, sister *Joan*, can you tell me his name that did it: how shall we call my Cousin, your bastard, when we have it? *Joan.* Alas, I know not the Gentleman's name Brother, I met him in these woods, the last great hunting, he was so kinde and proffer'd me so much, as I had not the heart to ask him more.

Clown. Not his name, why this shewes your Country breeding now, had you been brought up i'th' City, you'd have got a Father first, and the childe afterwards: hast thou no markes to know him by.

Joan. He had most rich Attire, a fair Hat and Feather, a gilt Sword, and most excellent Hangers.

Clown. Pox on his Hangers, would he had bin gelt for his labor.

Joan. Had you but heard him swear you would have thought.

Clown. I as you did, swearing and lying goes together still, did his Oathes get you with Childe, we shall have a roaring Boy then yfaith, well Sister, I must leave you.

Joan. Dear Brother stay, help me to finde him out, I'll ask no further.

Clown. Sfoot who should I finde? who should I ask for?

Joan. Alas I know not, he uses in these woods, and these are witness of his oathes and promise.

Clown. We are like to have a hot suit on't, when our best witness's but a Knight 'ath Post.

Joan. Do but enquire this Forrest, I'll go with you, some happy fate may guide us till we meet him.

Clown. Meet him, and what name shall we have for him, when we weet him? Sfoot thou neither knowst him, nor canst tell what to call him, was ever man

tyr'd with such a busines, to have a sister got with childe, and know not who did it; well, you shall see him, I'll do my best for

you,

The Birth of Merlin:

You, Ile make Proclamation, if these Woods and Trees, as you say, will bear any witness, let them answer; Oh yes: If there be any man that wants a name, will come in for conscience sake, and acknowledge himself to be a Whore-Master, he shal have that laid to his charge in an hour, he shall not be rid on in an age; if he have Lands, he shall have an heir, if he have patience, he shall have a wife, if he have neither Lands nor patience, he shall have a whore, so ho boy, so ho, so, so. *Within Prince Uter.* So, ho, by, so, ho, illo ho, illo ho. *Clown.* Hark, bark fister, there's one hollows to us, what a wicked world's this, a man cannot so soon name a whore but a knave comes presently, and see where he is, stand close a while, fister.

Enter Prince Uter.

Prince. How like a voice that Echo spake, but oh my thoughts are lost for ever in amazement, could I but meet a man to tell her beauties, these trees would bend their tops to kiss the air, that from my lips should give her praises up. *Clown.* He talk's of a woman, fister.

Joan. This may be he, brother.

Clown. View him well, you see he has a fair Sword, but his Hanger's are faint. *Prince.* Here did I see her first, here view her beauty, oh had I known her name, I had been happy.

Clown. Sister this is he sure, he knows not thy name neither, a couple of wise fools yfaith, to get children and know not one another. *Prince.* You weeping leaves, upon whose tender checks doth stand a flood of tears at my complaint, and heard my vows and oaches.

Clown. Law, Law, he has been a great fwearer too, 'tis he fister. *Prince.* For having overtook her, as I have seen a forward blood-hound, strip the swifter of the cry ready to seize his wished hopes, upon the sudden view struck with a stonishment at his arriv'd prey, instead of seizure stands at fearful bay,

Or like to *Marius* soldiers, who o'retook

The eye fight killing *Gorgon* at one look,

Made everlasting stand: so fear'd my power

Whose cloud aspir'd the Sun, dissolv'd a shower:

Pigmalion, then I tasted thy sad fate, whose Ivory picture, and my fair were one, our damage past imagination, I saw and felt desire. *Clown.* Pox a your fingering, did he feel fister?

Prince. But enjoy'd now, oh fate, thou hadst thy days and nights to feed,

Cr



Or, The Childe has found his Father.

Or calm affection, one poor sight was all,
Converts my pleasure to perpetual thrall,
Imbracing thine, thou loitest breath and desire,
So I relating mine, will here expire,
For here I vow to you mournful plants
Who were the first made happy by her fame,
Never to part hence, till I know her name.

Clown. Give me thy hand sister, *The Childe has found his Father*, this is he sure, as I am a man, had I been a woman these kinde words would have won me, I should have had a gfeat belly too that's certain; well, I'le speak to him: most honest and fleshly minded Gentleman, give me your hand sir. *Prince.* Ha, what art thou, that thus rude and boldly, darest take notice of a wretch so much ally'd to misery as I am? *Clown.* Nay, Sir, for our alliance, I shall be found to be a poor brother in Law of your worships, the Gentlewoman you spake on, is my sister, you see what a clew she spreads, her name is *Joan Go-too't*, I am her elder, but she has been at it before me: 'tis a womans fault, pox a this bashfulness, come forward Jug, prethee speak to him. *Prince.* Have you e're seen me Lady? *Clown.* Seen ye, ha, ha, It seems she has felt you too, here's a yong *Go-woo't* a coming sir, she is my sister, we all love to *Go-woo't*, as well as your worship, she's a Maid yet, but you may make her a wife, when you please sir. *Prince.* I am amaz'd with wonder: Tell me woman, what sin have you committed worthy this? *Joan.* Do you not know me sir?

Prince. Know cheel as I do thunder, hell, and mischief, wiith, stalion, hag. *Clown.* I see he will marry her, he speaks so like a husband. *Prince.* Death, I will cut their tongues out for this blasphemy, strumpet, villain, where have you ever seen me?

Clown. Speak for your self with a pox to ye. *Prince.* Slaves, Ile make you curse your selves for this temptation. *Joan.* Oh sir, if ever you did speak to me, it was in smoother phrase, in fairer language. *Prince.* Lightning consume me, if I ever saw thee, my rage o'reflows my blood, all patience flies me. Beats her. *Clown.* Hold I beseech you sir, I have nothing to say to you. *Joan.* Help, help, murder, murder.

Enter Teclio, and Osvold.

Teclio. Make haste Sir, this way the sound came, it was a wood.

Osvold.

The Birth of Merlin:

Oswold. See where she is, and the Prince, the price of all our wishes.

Clown. The Prince say ye, ha's made a poor Subject of me I am sure.

Toctio. Sweet Prince, noble Uter, speak, how fare y u sir?

Oswold. Dear sir, recal your self, your fearful absence hath won too much already on the grief of our sad King, from whom our laboring search hath had this fair success in meeting you.

Toctio. His silence, and his looks argue distraction.

Clown. Nay, he's mad sure, he will not acknowledge my sister, nor the childe neither.

Oswold. Let us entreat your Grace along with us, your sight will bring new life, to the King your Brother.

Toctio. Will you go sir?

Prince. Yes, any whether, guide me, all'shell I see,

Man may change air, but not his misery.

Exit Prince Toctio.

Joan. Lend me one word with you, sir.

Clown. Well said

sister, he has a Feather, and fair Hangers too, this may be he.

Oswold. What would you fair one.

Clown. Sure I have

seen you in these woods e're this?

Oswold. Trust me never, I

never saw this place, till at this time my friend conducted me.

Joan. The more's my sorrow then:

Oswold. Would I

could comfort you: I am a Bachelor, but it seems you have a hus-

band, you have been foully o'reshot else.

Clown. A womans

fault, we are ali subject to go to't, sir.

Enter Toctio.

Toctio. *Oswold* away, the Prince will not stir a foot without you.

Oswold. I am coming, farewell woman.

Toctio. Prithee make

haste.

Joan. Good sir, but one word with you e're you leave

us.

Toctio. With me fair soul?

Clown. Shee'l have a fling

at him too, the Childe must have a Father.

Joan. Have you

ne'er seen me sir?

Toctio. Seen thee, 'Sfoot I have seen many

fair faces in my time, prithee look up, and do not weep so, sure

'pretty wanton, I have seen this face before.

Joan. It is enough,

though your ne're see me more.

sinks down.

Toctio. 'Sfoot she's fain, this place is enchanted sure, look to the

woman fellow.

Exits.

Clown. Oh she's dead! she's dead, as you are a man stay and

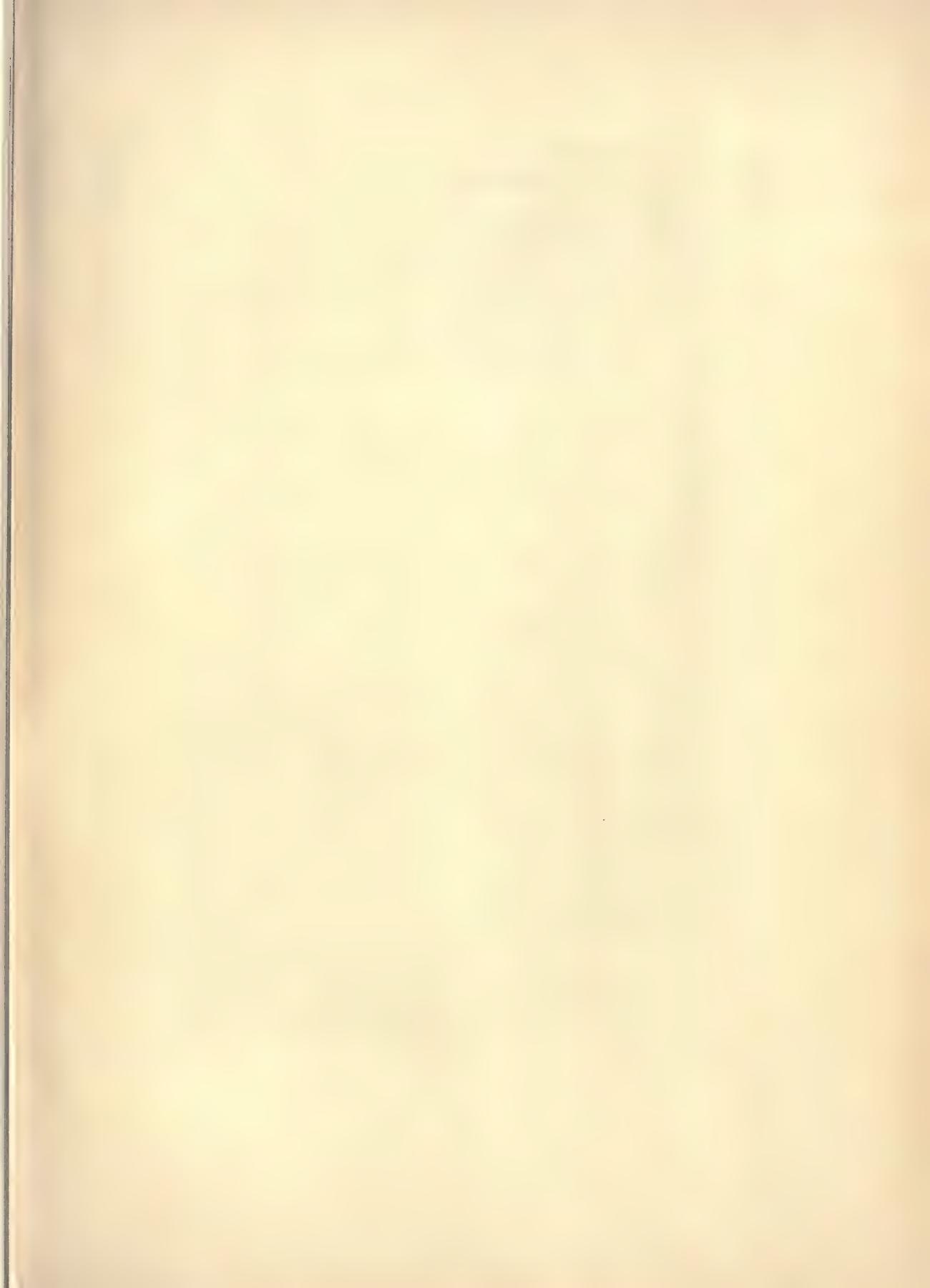
help, sir: *Joan.* Joan, sister Joan, why Joan Go i'oo't I say, will you

cast away your self, and your childe, and me too, what do you

mean, sister?

Joan. Oh give me pardon sir, 'twas too much joy

opprest





Or, *The Childe bath found his Father.*

opprest my loving thoughts, I know you were too noble to deny me, ha! Where is he? *Clown.* Who, the Gentleman? he's gone sister. *Joan.* Oh! I am undone then, run, tell him I did but faint for joy, dear brother hasten, why dost thou stay? oh never cease, till he give answer to thee. *Clown.* He: which he? what do you call him tro? *Joan.* Unnatural brother, shew me the path he took, why dost thou dally? speak, oh, which way went he?

Clown. This way, that way, through the bushes there.

Joan. Were it through fire, the Journey's easie, winged with sweet desire. Exit.

Clown. Hey day, there's some hope of this yet, I'll follow her for kindred's sake, if she miss of her purpose now, she'll challenge all she findes I see, for if ever we meet with a two leg'd creature in the whole Kingdom, the Childe shall have a Father that's certain. Exit.

Loud Musick. Enter two with the Sword and Mace, *Cador, Edwin,* two Bishops, *Aurelius, Osterius* leading *Artesia Crown'd, Constance, Modestia, Octa, Proximus a Magician, Donobert, Gloster, Oswold, Toctio,* all pass over the Stage. *Manet Donobert, Gloster, Edwin, Cador.*

Dono. Come *Gloster*, I do not like this hasty Marriage.

Gloster. She was quickly wooed and won, not six days since arrived an enemy to sue for Peace, and now crown'd Queen of Britain, this is strange. *Dono.* Her brother too made as quick speed in coming, leaving his Saxons, and his starved Troops, to take the advantage whilst twas offer'd, fore heaven I fear the King's too credulous, our Army is discharg'd too. *Gloster.* Yes, and our General commanded home, Son *Edwin* have you seen him since?

Edwin. He's come to Court, but will not view the presence, nor speak unto the King, he's so discontent at this so strange alliance with the Saxon, as nothing can perswade his patience.

Cador. You know his humor will indure no check, no if the King oppose it, all crosses feeds both his spleen, and his impatience, those affections are in him like powder, apt to inflame with every little spark, and blow up all his reason.

Gloster. Edot of Chester is a noble Soldier.

Dono. So is he by the Rood, ever most faithful to the King and Kingdom, how e're his passions guide him.

The Birth of Merlin:

Enter Edoll with Captains.

Cador. See where he comes, my Lord. *Omnes.* Welcome to Court, brave Earl. *Edol.* Do not deceive me by your flatteries : Is not the Saxon here ? the League confirm'd ? the Marriage ratifi'd ? the Court divided with Pagan Infidels ? the least part Christians, at least in their Commands ? Oh the gods ! it is a thought that takes away my sleep, and dulls my senses so I scarcely know you : Prepare my horses, I'll away to Chester.

Capt. What shall we do with our Companies, my Lord ?

Edol. Keep them at home to increase Cuckolds, and get some Cases for your Captainships, smooth up your brows, the wars has spoil'd your faces, and few will now regard you.

Dono. Preserve your patience, Sir.

Edol. Preserve your Honors, Lords, your Countries Safety, your Lives, and Lands from strangers : what black devil could so bewitch the King, so to discharge a Royal Army in the height of conquest ? nay, even already made victorious, to give such credit to an enemy, a starved foe, a stragling fugitive, beaten beneath our feet, so love dejected, so servile, and so base, as hope of life had won them all, to leave the Land for ever ?

Dono. It was the Kings will. *Edol.* It was your want of wisdom, that should have laid before his tender youth, the dangers of a State, where forain Powers bandy for Sovereignty with Lawful Kings, who being settled once, to assure themselves, will never fail to seek the blood and life of all competitors.

Dono. Your words sound well my Lord, and point at safety, both for the Realm and us, but why did you within whose power it lay, as General, with full Commission to dispose the war, lend ear to party with the weakened foe ? *Edol.* Oh the good Gods !

Cador. And on that party came this Embassie.

Edol. You will hear me. *Edwin.* Your letters did declare it to the King, both of the Peace, and all Conditions brought by this Saxon Lady, whose fond love has thus bewitched him.

Edol. I will curse you all as black as hell, unless you hear me, your gross mistake would make wisdom her self run madding through the streets, and quarrel with her shadow, death ! why kill'd ye not that woman ? *Dono. Glast.* Oh my Lord.

Edol. The great devil take me quick, had I been by, and all the women

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

women of the world were barren, she should have died e're he had married her on these conditions. *Cador.* It is not reason that directs you thus. *Edol.* Then have I none, for all I have directs me, never was man so palpably abus'd, so basely marted, bought and sold to scorn, my Honor, Fame, and hopeful Ventures, the loss of Time, Expences, Blood and Fortunes, all vanish't into nothing. *Edwin.* This rage is vain my Lord, what the King does, nor they, nor you can help. *Edol.* My Sword must fail me then. *Cador.* 'Gainst whom will you expose it?

Edol. What's that to you, 'gainst all the devils in hell to guard my country. *Edwin.* These are airy words.

Edol. Sir, you tread too hard upon my patience.

Edwin. I speak the duty of a Subject's faith, and say agen hast your been here in presence,

What the King did, you had not dar'd to cross it,

Edol. I will trample on his Life and Soul that says it.

Cador. My Lord. *Edwin.* Come, come. *Edol.* Now before heaven. *Cador.* Dear sir. *Edol.* Not dare? thou liest beneath thy lungs. *Gloster.* No more ton *Edwin*.

Edwin. I have done sir, I take my leave. *Edol.* But thou shall not, you shall take no leave of me Sir.

Dono. For wisdom sake my Lord. *Edol.* Sir, I'll leave him, and you, and all of you, the Court and King, and let my Sword, and friends, shuffle for *Edol*'s safety: stay you here, and hug the Saxes, till they cut your throats, or bring the Land to servile slavery, such yokes of baseness, *Chester* must not suffer, Go, and repent betimes these foul misdeeds, For in this League, all our whole Kingdom bleeds, which lie prevent, or perish.

Gloft. See how his rage transports him! *Exit Edol. Capt.*

Cador. These passions set apart, a braver soldier breathes not i'ch' world this day. *Dono.* I wish his own worth do not court his ruine.

The King must Rule, and we must learn to obey,
True vertue still directs the noble way.

Loud Musick. Enter *Aurelius, Artesia, Ostorius, Octa, Proximus, Tottis, Oswald, Hermit.*

Cador. Why is the Court so dull? me thinks each room, and angle

The Birth of Merlin :

angle of our Palace should appear stuck full of objects fit for mirth and triumphs, to show our high content. *Oswold* fill wine, must we begin the Revels? be it so then, reach me the cup: Ile now begin a Health to our lov'd Queen, the bright *Artesia*, the Royal Saxon King, our warlike brother, go and command all the whole Court to pledge it, fill to the Hermit there; most reverent *Anselme*, wee'l do thee Honor first, to pledge my Queen.

Her. I drink no healths great King, and if I did, I would be loath to part with health, to those that have no power to give it back agen. *Aurel.* Mistake not, it is the argument of Love and Duty to our Queen and us. *Artes.* But he ows none it seems.

Her. I do to vertue Madam, temperate minds covets that health to drink, which nature gives in every spring to man, he that doth hold

His body, but a Tenement at will
Bestows no cost, but to repair what's ill,
Yet if your healths or heat of Wine, fair Princes,
Could this old frame, or these cras'd limbes restore,
Or keep out death, or sickness, then fill more,
I'le make fresh way for appetite, if no,
On such a prodigal who would wealth bestow?

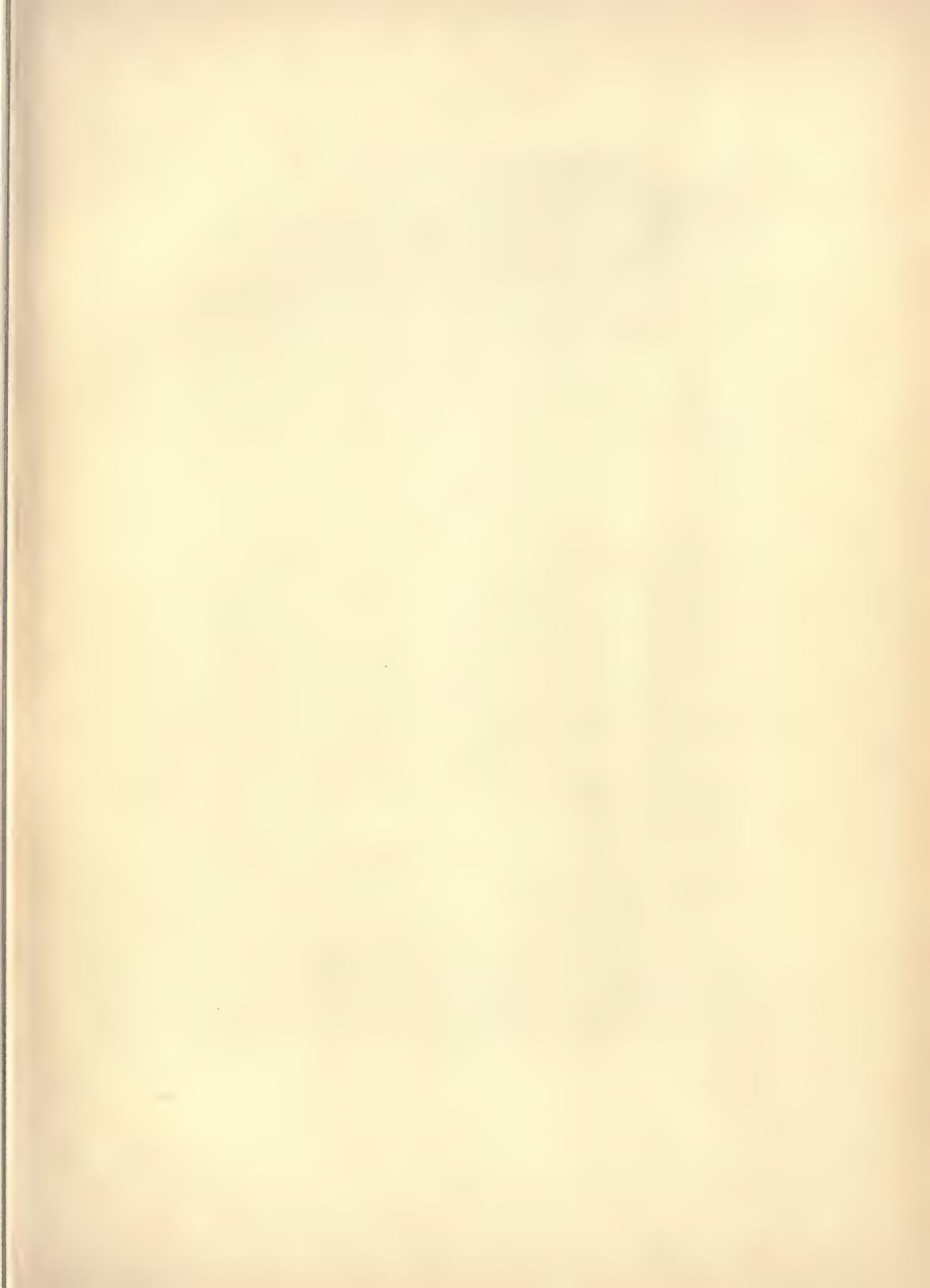
Oftorius. He speaks not like a guest to grace a wedding.

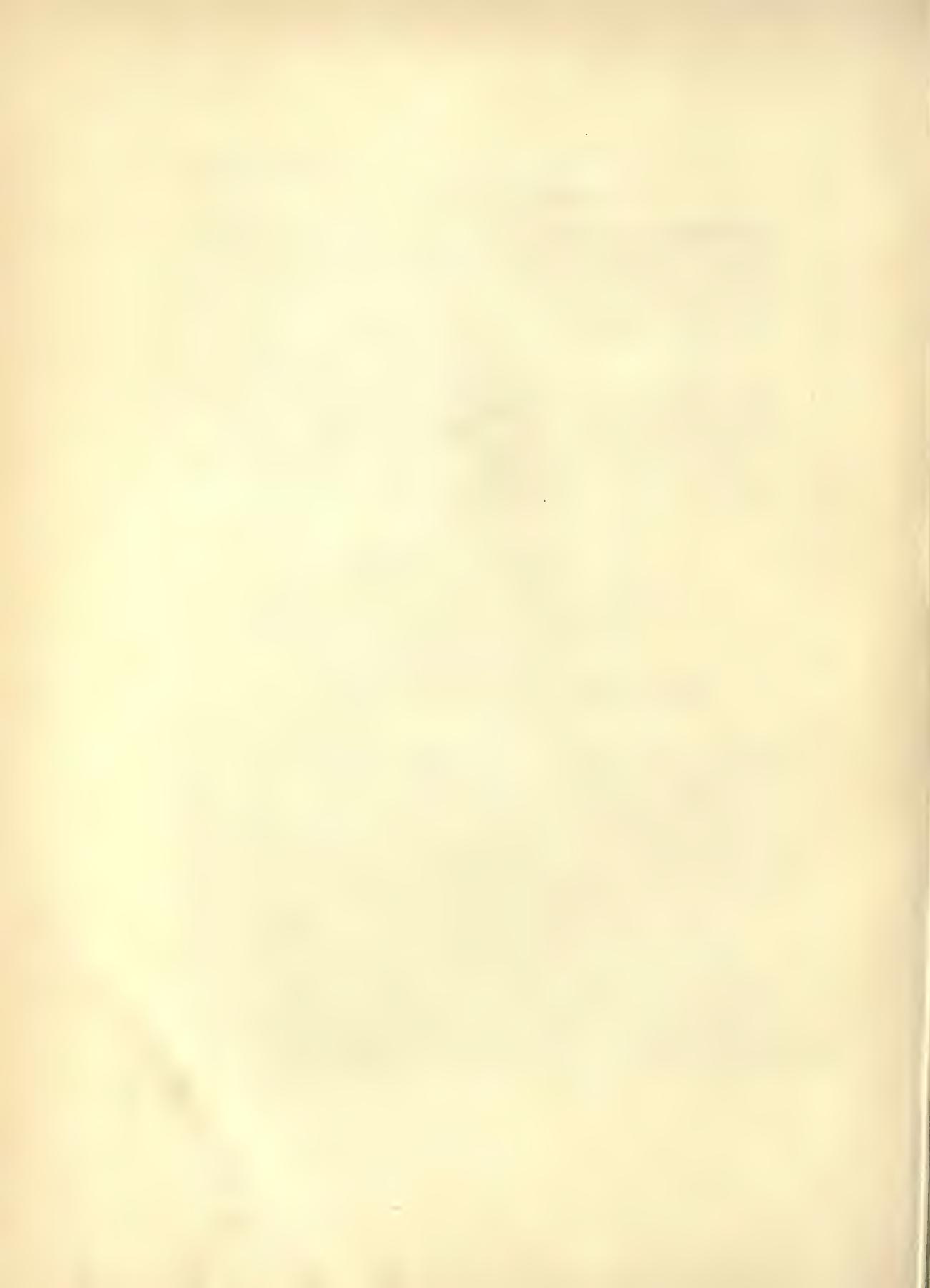
Enter Toclio.

Artes. No sir, but like an envious imposter. *Otha.* A Christian slave, a Cinick. *Oftor.* What vertue could decline your Kingly spirit, to such respect of him whose magick spells met with your vanquisht Troops, and turn'd your Arms to that necessity of fight, which the dispair of any hope to stand but by his charms, had been defeated in a bloody conquest? *Otha.* Twas magick, hell-bred magick did it sir, and that's a course my Lord, which we esteem in all our Saxon Wars, unto the last and lowest ebbe of servile treachery.

Aurel. Sure you are deceiv'd, it was the hand of heaven, that in his vertue gave us victory, is there a power in man that can strike fear thorough a general camp, or create spirits, in recreant bosoms above present sense? *Oftor.* To blind the sense there may with apparition of well arm'd troops within themselves are air, form'd into humane shapes, and such that day were by that Sorcerer rais'd to crost our fortunes.

Aurel. There is a law tells





Or, *The Childe bath found his Father.*

tells us, that words want force to make deeds void, examples must be shown by instances alike, e're I believe it. *Ostor.* Tis easily perform'd, believe me sir, propose your own desires, and give but way to what our Magick here shall straight perform, and then let his or our deserts be censur'd. *Aurel.* We could not wish a greater happiness, then what this satisfaction brings with it, let him proceed, fair brother. *Ostor.* He shall sir, come learned *Proximus*, this task be thine, let thy great charms confound the opinion this Christian by his spells hath falsely won.

Prox. Great King, propound your wishes then, what persons, of what State, what numbers, or how arm'd, please your own thoughts, they shall appear before you. *Aurel.* Strange art! what thinkst thou reverent *Hermit?* *Her.* Let him go on sir.

Aurel. Wilt thou behold his cunning?

Her. Right gladly sir, it will be my joy to tell,
That I was here to laugh at him and hell.

Aurel. I like thy confidence. *Artes.* His sawcy impudence, proceed to'th' trial. *Prox.* Speak your desires my Lord, and be it place't in any angle underneath the Moon, the center of the Earth, the Sea, the Air, the region of the fire, nay hell it self, and I'll present it.

Aurel. Wee'l have no fight so fearful, onely this, if all thy art can reach it, show me here the two great Champions of the *Trojan War*, *Achilles* and brave *Hector*, our great Ancestor, both in their warlike habits, Armor, Shields, and Weapons then in use for fight. *Prox.* Tis done, my Lord, command a halt and silence, as each man will respect his life or danger. *Armel, Plesgeth.*

Enter Spirit. Quid vis? *Prox.* Attend me.

Aurel. The Apparition comes, on our displeasure let all keep place and silence. *Within Drums beat Marches.*

Enter Proximus bringing in Hector attir'd and arm'd after the Trojan manner, with Target, Sword, and Battel-axe, a Trumpet before him, and a Spirit in flame colours with a Torch; at the other door Achilles with his Spear and Falchion, a Trumpet and a Spirit in black before him; Trumpets sound alarm, and they manage their weapons to begin the Fight: and after some Charges, the Hermit steps between them, at which seeming, amaz'd

the spirits, and tremble. Thunder within.

Prox. What means this stay, bright *Armel, Plesgeth?* why fear you and

The Birth of Merlin:

and fall back? renew the Alarms, and enforce the Combat, or hell
or darknes circles you for ever. *Arm.* We dare not. *Prax.* Ha!
Plesgeth. Our charms are all dissolv'd, *Armel* away,
Tis worse then hell to us, whilet here we stay. *Exit all.*

Her. What! at a Non-plus sir? command them back for shame.
Prax. What power o're-aws my Spells! return you Hell-hounds;
Armel, Plesgeth, double damnation seize you, by all the Infernal
powers, the prince of devils is in this Hermits habit, what else
could force my Spirits quake or tremble thus?

Her. Weak argument to hide your want of skill: does the devil
fear the devil, or war with hell? they have not been acquainted
long it seems. Know mis-believing Pagan, even that Power
That overthrew you Forces, still lets you see,
He onely can controul both hell and thee.

Prax. Disgrace and mischief, Ile enforce new charms, new spells,
and spirits rais'd from the low Abyss of hells unbottom'd depths.

Aurel. We have enough sir, give o're your charms, wee'l finde
some other time to praise your Art. I dare not but acknowledge
that heavenly Power my heart stands witness to: be not dismay'd
my Lords, at this disast'r, nor thou my fairest Queen: we'l change
the Scene to some more pleasing sports Lead to your Chamber,
How'ere in this thy pleasures finde a cross,
Our joy's too fixed here to suffer los.

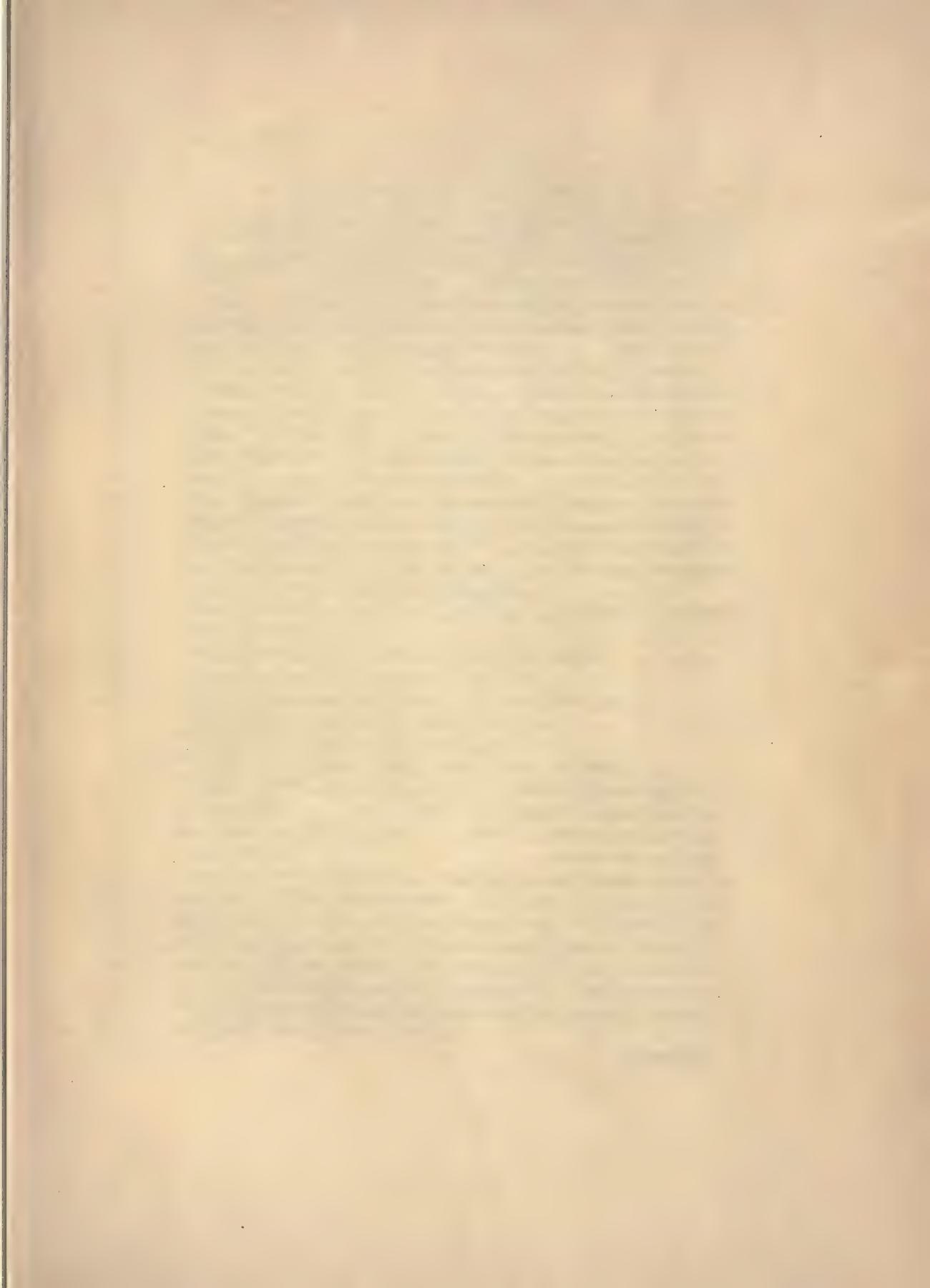
Toctio. Which I shall adde to sir, with news I bring: The Prince
your Brother, lives. *Aurel.* Ha! *Toctio.* And comes
to grace this high and heaven-knit Marriage.

Aurel. Why dost thou flatter me, to make me think such hap-
piness attends me? *Enter Prince Uter and Oswald.*

Toctio. His presence speaks my truth, sir. *Dona.* Force me,
'tis he: look *Gloster.* *Gloster.* A blesting beyond hope, sir.

Aurel. Ha! 'tis he: welcome my second Comfort. *Arteua,* Dea-
rest Love, it is my Brother, my Princely Brother, all my King-
doms hope, oh give him welcome, as thou lov'st my health.

Artes. You have so free a welcome sir, from me, as this your
presence has such power I swear o're me a stranger, that I must
forget my Countrey, Name, and Friends, and count this place my
Joy and Birth-right. *Prince.* 'Tis she! 'tis she I swear! oh
ye good gods, 'tis she! that face within those woods where first I
saw





Or, The Child hath found his Father.

saw her, captived my senses, and thus many moneths bar'd me from all society of men : how came she to this place, brother *Aurelius*? Speak that Angels name, her heaven-blest name, oh speak it quickly Sir.

Aurel. It is *Artesia*, the Royal Saxon Princess.

Prince. A woman, and no Deity : no feigned shape, to mock the reason of admiring sense, on whom a hope as low as mine may live, love, and enjoy, dear Brother, may it not ?

Aurel. She is all the Good, or Virtue thou canst name, my Wife, my Queen.

Prince. Ha! your wife!

Artes. Which you shall finde fit,

if that time and fortune may make my love but worthy of your tryal.

Prince. Oh!

Aurel. What troubles you, dear Brother?

Why with so strange and fixt an eye dost thou behold my Joys ?

Artes. You are not well, sir.

Prince. Yes, yes, oh you immortal powers, why has poor man so many entrances for sorrow to creep in at, when our sense is much too weak to hold his happiness ? Oh say I was born deaf : and let your silence confirm in me the knowing my defect, at least be charitable to conceal my sin, for hearing is no less in me, dear Brother.

Aurel. No more, I see thou art a Rival in the Joys of my high Bliss. Come my *Artesia*,

The Day's most prais'd when 'tis ecclipt by Nighe ,
Great Good must have as great Ill opposite.

Prince. Stay, hear but a word ; yet now I think on't,
This is your Wedding-night, and were it mine,
I should be angry with least loss of time.

Artes. Envy speaks no such words, has no such looks.

Prince. Sweet rest unto you both.

Aurel. Lights to our Nuptial Chamber.

Artes. Could you speak so, I would not fear how much my grief did grow.

Aurel. Lights to our Chamber,

on, on, set on.

Exeunt. Manet Prince.

Prince. Could you speak so, I would not fear how much my griefs did grow. Those were her very words , sure I am waking , she wrung me by the hand, and spake them to me with a most passionate affection, perhaps she loves, and now repents her choice , in marriage with my brother ; oh fond man, how darest thou trust thy Traitors thoughts, thus to betray thy self? 'twas but a waking dream wherein thou madest thy wishes speak, not her , in which thy foolish hopes strives to prolong

A wretch-

The Birth of Melinda

A wretched being, so sickly children play
With health lov'd toys, which for a time delay,
But do not cure the fit: be then a man,
Meet that destruction which thou canst not flee
From, nor to live, make is thy best to die,
And call her now, whom thou didst hope to wed,
Thy brothers wife, thou art too ne're a kin,
And such an act above all name's a sin.
Not to be blotted out, heaven pardon me,
She's banish'd from my bosom now for ever,
To lowest ebbs, men justly hope a flood,
When vice grows barren, all desires are good.

Enter Waiting Gentlewoman with a Jewel.

Gent. The noble Prince, I take it sir. Prince. You speak me what I should be, Lady. Gent. Know by that name sir, Queen *Artesia* greets you. Prince. Alas good virtue, how is she mistaken. Gent. Commending her affection in this Jewel, sir.

Prince. She binds my service to her: ha! a Jewel 'tis a fair one trust me, and methinks it much resembles something I have seen with her. Gen. It is an artificial crab, Sir. Prince. A creature that goes backward. Gent. True, from the way it looks.

Prince. There is no moral in it abides to her self?

Gent. 'Tis your construction gives you that sir, she's a woman. Prince, And like this, may use her legs, and eyes two several ways.

Gent. Just like the Sea-crab, which on the Mussel prayes, whilst he bills at a stone. Prince. Pretty in troth, prithee tell me, art thou honest?

Gent. I hope I seem no other, sir.

Prince. And those that seem so, are sometimes bad enough.

Gent. If they will accuse themselves for want of witness, let them, I am not so foolish. Prince. I see th'art wise, come speak me truly, what is the greatest sin?

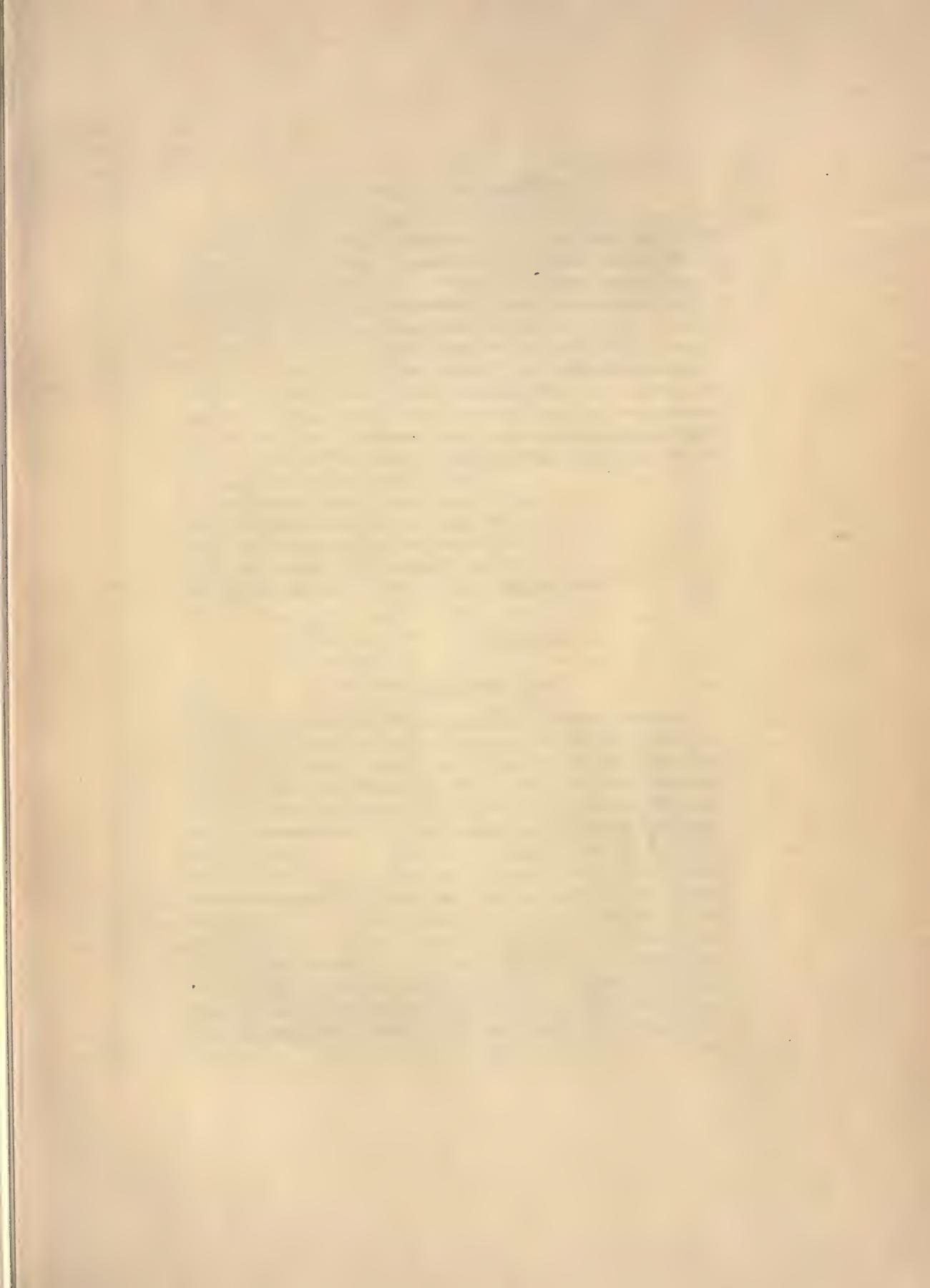
Gent. That which man never acted, what has been done Is as the least, common to all as one.

Prince. Dost think thy Lady is of thy opinion?

Gent. She's a bad Scholar else, I have brought her up, and she dares owe me still. Prince. I, 'tis a fault in greatness, they dare owe many e're they pay one, but darest thou expose thy scholar to my examining?

Gent. Yes in good troth sir, and pray-

put



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

put her to't too, 'tis a hard lesson if she answer it not.

Prince. Thou know'st the hardest. Gent. As far as a woman may, sir. Prince. I commend thy plainness, when wilt thou bring me to thy Lady? Gent. Next opportunity I attend you, sir.

Prince. Thanks, take this, and commend me to her.

Gent. Think of your Sea-crab sir, I pray. Exit.

Prince. Oh by any means, Lady, what should all this tend to? if it be Love or Lust that thus incites her, the sin is horrid and incestuous; if to betray my life, what hopes she by it? Yes, it may be a practice 'twixt themselves, to expel the Britains and ensure the State through our destructions, all this may be valid with a deeper reach in villainy, then all my thoughts can guess at, however I will confer with her, and if I finde Lust hath given Life to Envy in her minde, I may prevent the danger; so men wise By the same step by which they fell, may rise. Vices are Vertues, if so thought and seen, And Trees with foulest roots, branch soonest green. Exit.

A C T 3. S C E N E I.

Enter Clown and his Sister.

Clown. Come sister, thou that art all fool, all mad-woman.

Joan. Prithee have patience, we are now at Court.

Clown. At Court! ha, ha, that proves thy madness, was there ever any woman in thy taking travel'd to Court for a husband? 'slid, 'tis enough for them to get children, and the City to keep 'em, and the Countrey to finde Nurses: every thing must be done in his due place, sister.

Joan. Be but content a while, for sure I know this Journey will be happy. Oh dear brother, this night my sweet Friend came to comfort me, I saw him, and embrac't him in mine arms.

Clown. Why did you not hold him, and call me to help you?

Joan. Alas, I thought I had been with him still, but when I wakte!

Clown. Ah pox of all Loger-heads, then you were but in a Dream all this while, and we may still go look him: Well, since we are come to Court, cast your Catseyes about you, and either finde him out you dreamt on, or some other,

D

for

The Birth of Merlin :

for I'll trouble my self no further. *Env. Dono. Cador, Edw. & Toclio.*
See, see, here comes more Courtiers, look about you, come, pray
view 'em all well; the old man has none of the marks about him,
the other have both Swords and Feathers: what thinkest thou of
that tall-yong Gentleman? *Joan.* He much resembles him,
but sure my friend, brother, was not so high of stature.

Clown. Oh beast, wast thou got a childe with a short thing too?

Dono. Come, come, I'c hear no more on't: Go Lord *Edwin*, tell
her this day her sister shall be married to *Cador Earl of Cornwall*, so
shall she to thee brave *Edwin*, if she'have my blessing.

Edwin. She is addicted to a single Life, she will not hear of Mar-

riage. *Dono.* Tush, fear it not: go you from me to her, use
your best skill my Lord, and if you fail, I have a trick shall do it:

haste, haste about it. *Edwin.* Sir, I am gone, my hope is in
your help more then my own. *Dono.* And worthy *Toclio*, to

your care I must commend this busynesse, for Lights and Musick, and
what else is needful. *Toclio.* I shall my Lord. *Clown.* We

would intreat a word sir, come forward sister. *Ex. Dono. Toc. Cador.*

Edwin. What lackst thou fellow? *Clown.* I lack a father
for a childe, sir. *Edwin.* How! a God-father? *Clown.* No

sir, we mean the own father: it may be you sir, for any thing we
know, I think the childe is like you. *Edwin.* Like me! pri-

thee where is it? *Clown.* Nay, 'tis not born yet sir, 'tis forth
coming you see, the childe must have a father: what do you think

of my sister? *Edwin.* Why I think if she ne're had husband
she's a whore, and thou a fool, farewell. *Exit.*

Clown. I thank you sir: well, pull up thy heart sister, if there be
any Law i'th Court this fellow shall father it, 'cause he uses me so
scurvily. There's a great Wedding towards they say, we'll amongst
them for a husband for thee.

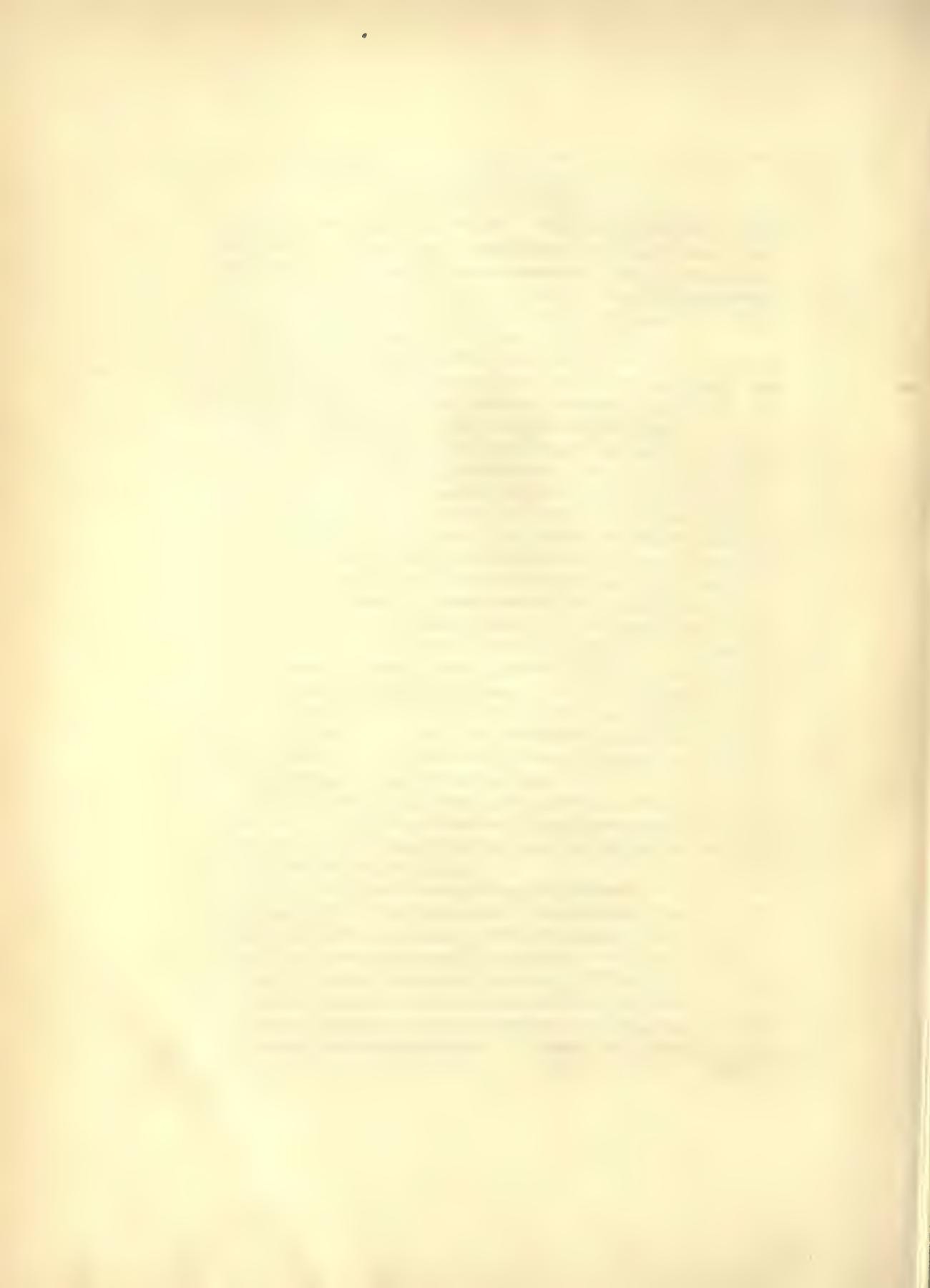
Enter Sir Nicodemus with a Letter.

If we miss there, I'll have another bout with him that abus'd me.
See! look, there comes another Hat and Feather, this should be a
close Letcher, he's reading of a Love-letter. *Sir Nic.* Earl *Cador's*
Marriage, and a Masque to grace it, so, so. This night shall make
me famous for Presentsments. How now, what are you?

Clown. A couple of Great Britains, you may see by our bellies, sir.

Sir Nic. And what of this sir? *Clown.* Why thus the matter

stands



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

stands sir : There's one of your Courtiers Hunting Nags has made a Gap through another mans Inclosure. Now sir , here's the question, who should be at charge of a Fur-bush to stop it ?

Sir Nic. Ha,ha, this is out of my element : the Law must end it.

Clown. Your Worship says well ; for surely I think some Lawyer had a hand in the busines, we have such a troublesom Issue.

Sir Nic. But what's thy busines with me now ? *Clown.* Nay sir, the busines is done already, you may see by my sisters belly.

Sir Nic. Oh, now I finde thee , this Gentlewoman it seems has been humbled. *Clown.* As low as the ground would give her leave sir, and your Worship knows this : though there be many fathers without children,yet to have a childe without a father,were most unnatural.

Sir Nic. That's true ifaith , I never heard of a childe yet that e're begot his father. *Clown.* Why true,you say wisely sir.

Sir Nic. And therefore I conclude, that he that got the childe, is without all question the father of it.

Clown. I, now you come to the matter sir : and our suit is to your Worship for the discovery of this father. *Sir Nic.* Why,

lives he in the Court here ? *Joan.* Yes sir , and I desire but Marriage.

Sir Nic. And does the knave refuse it ? Come, come, be merry wench , he shall marry thee , and keep the childe too, if my Knighthood can do any thing ; I am bound by mine Orders to help distressed Ladies, and can there be a greater injury to a woman with childe, then to lack a father for't ? I am ashame'd of your simpleness : Come, come , give me a Courtiers Fee for my pains, and Ile be thy Advocate my self, and justice shall be found, nay Ile sue the Law for it ; but give me my Fee first.

Clown. If all the money I have i'th world will do it , you shall have it sir.

Sir Nic. An Angel does it. *Clown.* Nay there's two, for your better eye sight sir.

Sir Nic. Why well said : give me thy hand wench , Ile teach thee a trick for all this, shall get a father for thy childe presently, and this it is, mark now : You meet a man, as you meet me now, thou claimest Marriage of me, and layest the childe to my charge, I deny it : push, that's no thing, hold thy Claim fast, thy words carries it , and no Law can withstand it.

Clown. Is't possible ?

Sir Nic. Past all opposition , her own word carries it , let her challenge any man, the childe shall call him Father; there's a trick

The Birth of Merlin :

for your money now. *Clown.* Troth Sir, we thank you, we'll make use of your trick, and go no further to seek the childe a Father, for we challenge you Sir: sister lay it to him, he shall marry thee, I shall have a worshipful old man to my brother.

Sir Nic. Ha, ha, I like thy pleasantnes,. *Joan.* Nay indeed Sir, I do challenge you. *Clown.* You think we jest sir.

Sir Nic. I by my troth do I, I like thy wit yfaith, thou shalt live at Court with me, didst never here of *Nicodemus Nothing*? I am the man. *Clown.* Nothing, 'slid we are out agen, thou wait never got with childe with nothing sure. *Joan.* I know not what to say. *Sir Nic.* Never grieve wench, show me the man and proces shall fly out. *Clown.* 'Tis enough for us to finde the children, we look that you should finde the Father, and therefore either do us justice, or we'll stand to our first challenge.

Sir Nic. Would you have justice without an Adversary, unless you can show me the man, I can do you no good in it.

Clown. Why then I hope you'l do us no harm sir, you'l restore my money. *Sir Nic.* What, my Fee? marry Law forbid it,

finde out the party, and you shall have justice, your fault clos'd up, and all shall be amended, the Childe his Father, and the Law ended. *Exit.*

Clown. Well, he has deserv'd his Fee indeed, for he has brought our suit to a quick end, I promise you, and yet the Childe has never a Father; nor we have no more mony to seek after him, a shame of all lecherous placcats; now you look like a Cat had newly kitten'd, what will you do now tro? Follow me no further, lest I beat your brains out. *Joan.* Impose upon me any punishment, rather then leave me now.

Clown. Well, I think I am bewitch with thee, I cannot finde in my heart to forsake her, there was never sister would have abus'd a poor brother as thou hast done, I am even pin'd away with fretting, there's nothing bat flesh and bones about me, well and I had my money agen, it were some comfort, hark sister, *Thunder.* does it not thunder? *Joan.* Oh yes, most fearfully, what shall we do brother? *Clown.* Marry e'en get some shelter e're the storm catch us: away, let's away I prithee.

Enter the Devil in mans habit, richly attir'd, his feet and his head horrid.

Joan. Ha, 'tis he, stay brother, dear brother stay.

Clown. What's the matter now? *Joan.* My love, my friend



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friend is come, yonder he goes. *Clown.* Where, where,
show me where, I'le stop him if the devil be not in him.

Joan. Look there, look yonder, oh dear friend, pity my distress,
for heaven and goodness do but speak to me.

Devil. She calls me, and yet drives me headlong from her,
Poor mortal, thou and I are much uneven,
Thou must not speak of goodness nor of heaven,
if I confer with thee: but be of comfort, whilst men do breath, and
Brittains name be known,
The fatal fruit thou bear'lt within thy womb,
Shall here be famous till the day of doom.

Clown. 'Slid who's that talks so? I can see no body.

Joan. Then art thou blind, or mad, see where he goes, and
beckons me to come, oh lead me forth, I'le follow thee in spight
of fear or death. *Exit.*

Clown. Oh brave, she'l run to the devil for a husband, she's
stark mad sure, and talks to a shaddow, for I could see no substance:
well, I'le after her, the childe was got by chance, and the father
must be found at all adventure. *Exit.*

Enter Hermit, Modesta, and Edwin.

Modesta. Oh reverent sir, by you my heart hath reacht at the
large hopes of holy Piety, and for this I craved your company,
Here in your sight religioufly to vow,
My chaste thoughts up to heaven, and make you now
the witness of my faith. *Her.* Angels assist thy hopes.

Edwin. What means my Love? thou art my promis'd wife.

Modesta. To part with willingly what friends and life
Can make no good assurance of. *Edwin.* Oh finde remorse,
fair soul, to love and merit, and yet recant thy vow.

Modesta. Never: this world and I are parted now for ever.

Her. To finde the way to bliss, oh happy woman,
Th'ast learn'd the hardest Lesson well I see,
Now show thy fortitude and constancy,
Let these thy friends thy sad departure weep,
Thou shalt but loose the weaith thou could'st not keep,
My contemplation calls me, I must leave ye,

Edwin. O reverent Sir, perswade not her to leave me,

Her. My Lord I do not, nor to cease to love ye,

I onely

The Birth of Merlin

I lonely pray her faith may fixed stand,
Marriage was blest I know with heavens own hand.

Edwin. You hear him Lady, 'tis not a virgins state but sanctity
of life, must make you happy. *Modest.* Good sir, you say you
love me, gentle *Edwin*, even by that love I do beseech you leave me.

Edwin. Think of your fathers tears, your weeping friends whom
cruel grief makes pale and bloodless for you.

Modest. Would I were dead to all. *Edwin.* Why do you weep?

Modest. Oh who would live to see
How men with care and cost, seek misery.

Edwin. Why do you seek it then? What joy, what pleasure,
can give you comfort in a single life? *Modest.* The contem-
plation of a happy death, which is to me so pleasing that I think
no torture could divert me: What's this world wherein you'd
have me walk, but a sad passage to a dread Judgement-Seat, from
whence even now we are but bail'd, upon our good abearing, till
that great Sessions come, when Death, the Cryer, will surely sum-
mon us, and all to appear, to plead us guilty or our bail to clear:
what musick's this?

*Enter two Bishops, Edwin, Donabert, Gloster, Cador, Constance, Of-
wold, Tostio.*

Edwin. Oh now resolve and think upon my love, this sounds
the Marriage of your beauteous sister, virtuous *Constance*, with
the noble *Cador*, look, and behold this pleasure.

Modest. Cover me with night,
It is a vanity not worth the sight.

Dono. See, see, she's yonder, pass on son *Cador*. Daughter *Con-*
stance, I beseech you all unless she first move speech, salute her
not. *Edwin* what good success?

Edwin. Nothing as yet, unless this object take her.

Dono. See, see, her eye is fixt upon her sister,
seem careless all, and take no notice of her: on afore there, come
my *Constance*.

Modest. Not speak to me, nor dain to cast an eye,
To look on my despised poverty!
I must be more charitable, pray stay Lady, are not you she whom I
did once call sister? *Constance.* I did acknowledge such a name
to one whilst she was worthy of it, in whose folly

Since



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Since you negle&t your fame and friends together,
In you I drown'd a sisters name for ever.

Modest. Your looks did speak no less. *Gloft.* It now begins to work, this fight has moved her. *Dono.* I know this trick would take, or nothing. *Modest.* Though you disdain in me a sisters name, yet charity me thinks should be so strong to instruct e're you reject, I am a wretch even follies instance, who perhaps have er'd, not having known the goodness bears so high and fair a show in you, which being exprest
I may recant this low despised life,
And please those friends whom I mov'd to grief.

Cador. She is coming yfaith, be merry *Edwin.*

Consta. Since you desire instruction you shall have it, what ist should make you thus desire to live vow'd to a single life?

Modest. Because I know I cannot flie from death, oh my good sister, I beseech you hear me,
This world is but a Masque, catching weak eyes,
With what is not our selves but our disguise,
A Vizard that falls off, the Dance being done,
And leaves Deaths Glass for all to look upon,
Our best happiness here, lasts but a night,
Whose burning Tapers makes false Ware seem right;
Who knows not this, and will not now provide
Some better shift before his shame be spy'd,
And knowing this vain world at last will leave him,
Shake off these robes that help but to deceive him.

Consta. Her words are powerful, I am amaz'd to hear her!

Dono. Her soul's enchanted with infected Spells.
Leave her best Girl, for now in thee
Ile seek the fruits of Age, Posterity.

Out o'my sight, sure I was half asleep, or drunk, when I begot thee.

Consta. Good sir forbear. What say you to that sister?
The joy of children, a blest Mothers Name!
Oh who without much grief can loose such Fame?

Modest. Who can enjoy it without sorrow rather?
And that most certain where the joy's unsure,
Seeing the fruit that we beget endure
So many miseries, that oft we pray

The

The Birth of Merlin:

The Heavens to shut up their afflicted day :
At best we do but bring forth Heirs to die,
And fill the Coffins of our enemy.

Const. Oh my soul. *Dono.* Hear her no more *Constantia*,
she's sure bewitcht with Error, leave her Girl. *Const.* Then
must I leave all goodness sir : away, stand off, I say.

Dono. How's this? *Const.* I have no father, friend, no hus-
band now, all are but borrowed robes, in which we masque to waste
and spend the time, when all our Life is but one good betwixt two
Ague-days, which from the first, e're we have time to praise, a se-
cond Fever takes us : Oh my best sister, my souls eternal friend,
forgive the rashness of my distemper'd tongue, for how could she
knew not her self, know thy felicity, from which worlds cannot
now remove me. *Dono.* Art thou mad too, fond woman ?
what's thy meaning ? *Const.* To seek eternal happiness in hea-
ven, which all this world affords not. *Cador.* Think of thy
Vow, thou art my promis'd Wife. *Const.* Pray trouble me no
further. *Omnes.* Strange alteration ! *Cador.* Why do you
stand at gaze, you sacred Priests ? you holy men be equal to the
Gods, and consummate my Marriage with this woman.

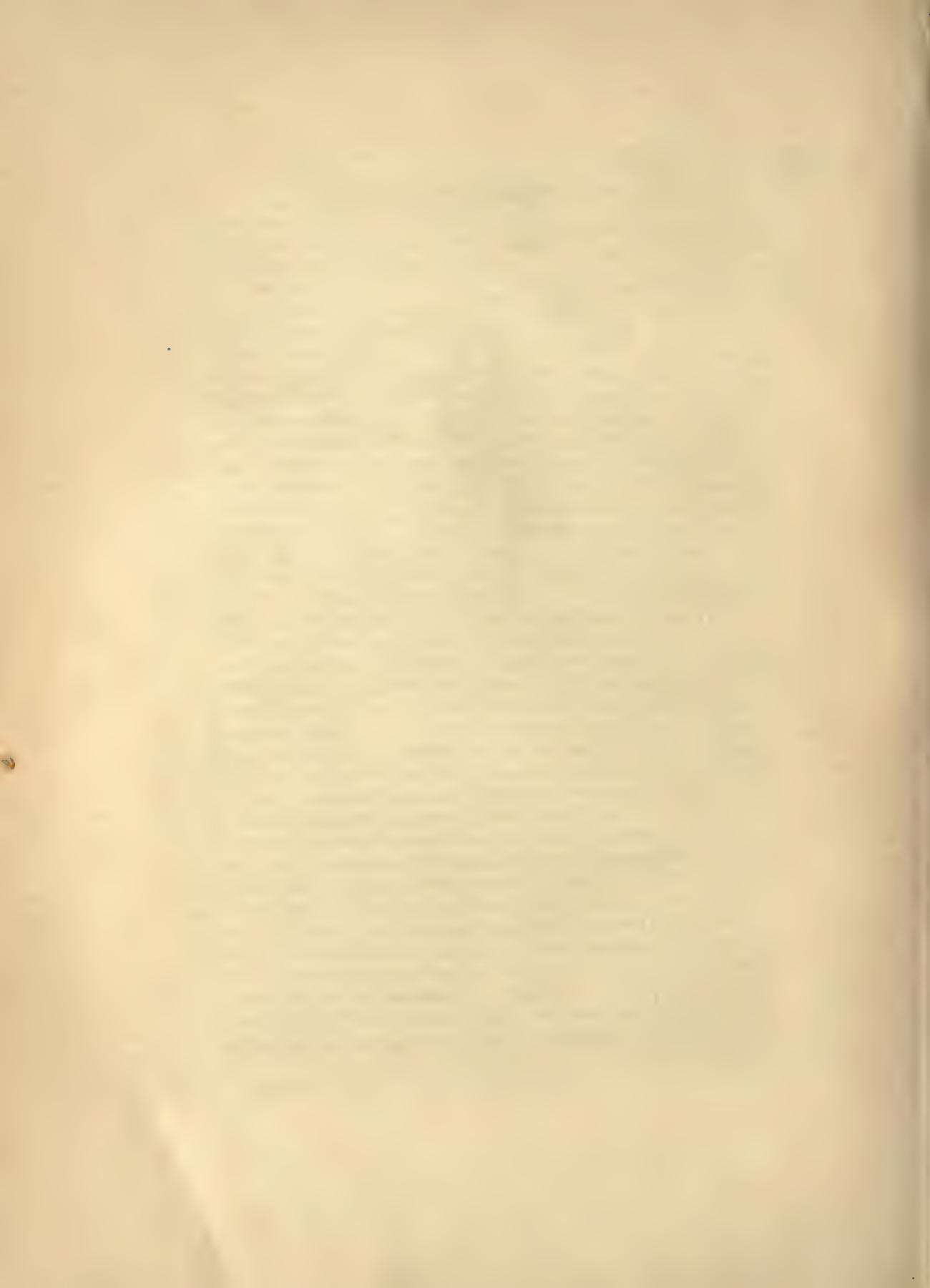
Bishop. Her self gives barr my Lord, to your desires, and our
performance; 'tis against the Law and Orders of the Church to
force a Marriage. *Cador.* How am I wrong'd ! was this your
trick, my Lord ? *Dono.* I am abus'd past sufferance ; grief
and amazement strive which Sense of mine shall loose her being
first ; yet let me call thee Daughter. *Cador.* Me, Wife.

Const. Your words are air, you speak of want, to wealth,
And wish her sickness, newly rais'd to health.

Dono. Bewitched Girls, tempt not an old mans fury, that hath
no strength to uphold his feeble age, but what your sights give life
to, oh beware, and do not make me curse you.

Kneel. *Madeft.* Dear father, here at your feet we kneel, grant us
but this, that in your sight and hearing the good Hermit may plead
our Cause ; which if it shall not give such satisfaction as your Age
desires, we will submit to you. *Const.* You gave us life, save
not our bodies, but our souls from death. *Dono.* This gives some
comfort yet : Rise with my blessings. Have patience, noble *Cador*,
worthy *Edwin*, send for the Hermit that we may confer, for sure

Reli-



Or, 7 be Childe hash found his Father.

Religion tyes you not to leave
Your careful Father thus; if so it be,
Take you content, and give all grief to me. Exeunt.

Thunder and Lightning, Enter Devil.

Devil. Mix light and darknets, earth and heaven dissolve, be of one piece agen, and turn to Chaos, break all your works you powers, and spoil the world, or if you will maintain earth still, give way and life to this abortive birth now coming, whose fame shall add unto your Oracles. *Lucina, Hecate, dreadful Queen of Night, bright Preserpine, be pleasd for Ceres love, from stigian darkness, summon up the Fates,*

And in a moment bring them quickly hither,
Lest death do vent her birth and her together, *Thunder*
Allust you spirits of infernal deeps, squint ey'd Eribo, midight Ex-
cubus. *Enter Lucina, and the three Fates.*

Rise, rise to aid this birth prodigious. Thanks Hecate, hail sister to the Gods, there lies your way, haile with the Fates, and help, give quick dispatch unto her laboring throws, to bring this mixture of infernal seed, to humane being, *Exit Fates.*
And to beguil her pains, till back you come,
Anticks shall dance and Musick fill the room. *Dance.*

Devil. Thanks Queen of Shades.

Lucina. Farewel, great servant to th' infernal King,
In honor of this childe, the Fates shall bring
All their alisting powers of Knowledge, Arts,
Learning, Wisdom, all the hidden parts
Of all-admiring Prophecy, to fore-see
The event of times to come, his Art shall stand
A wall of brass to guard the Brittain Land,
Even from this minute, all his Arts appears
Manlike in Judgement, Person, State, and years,
Upon his brest the Fates have fixt his name,
And since his birth place was this forrest here,
They now have nam'd him Merlin Silvester.

Devil. And Merlin's name in Brittain shall live,
Whilst men inhabit here, or Fates can give:
Power to amazing wonder, envy shall weep,
And mischief fit and shake her ebbone wings,

The Birth of Merlin

Whilst all the world of Merlins magiek sings.

Exit.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Well, I wonder how my poor sister does, after all this thundering, I think she's dead, for I can hear no tidings of her, those woods yields small comfort for her, I could meet nothing but a swinherds wife, keeping hogs by the Forestside, but neither she nor none of her sowes would stir a foot to help us; indeed I think she durst not trust her self amongst the trees with me, for I must needs confess I offer'd some kindness to her; well, I would fain know what's become of my sister, if she have brought me a yong Cousin, his face may be a picture to finde his Father by, so oh, sister Joan, Joan Go-oo'r, where art thou? Within Joan. Here, here brother, stay but a while, I come to thee. Clown. O brave, she's a live still, I know her voice, she speaks, and speaks cherfully methinks, how now, what Moon-calf has she got with her?

Enter Joan and Merlin with a Book.

Joan. Come my dear Merlin, why dost thou fix thine eye so deeply on that book? Merlin. To sound the depth of Arts, of Learning, Wisdom, Knowledge. Joan. Oh my dear, dear son, those studies fits thee when thou art a man.

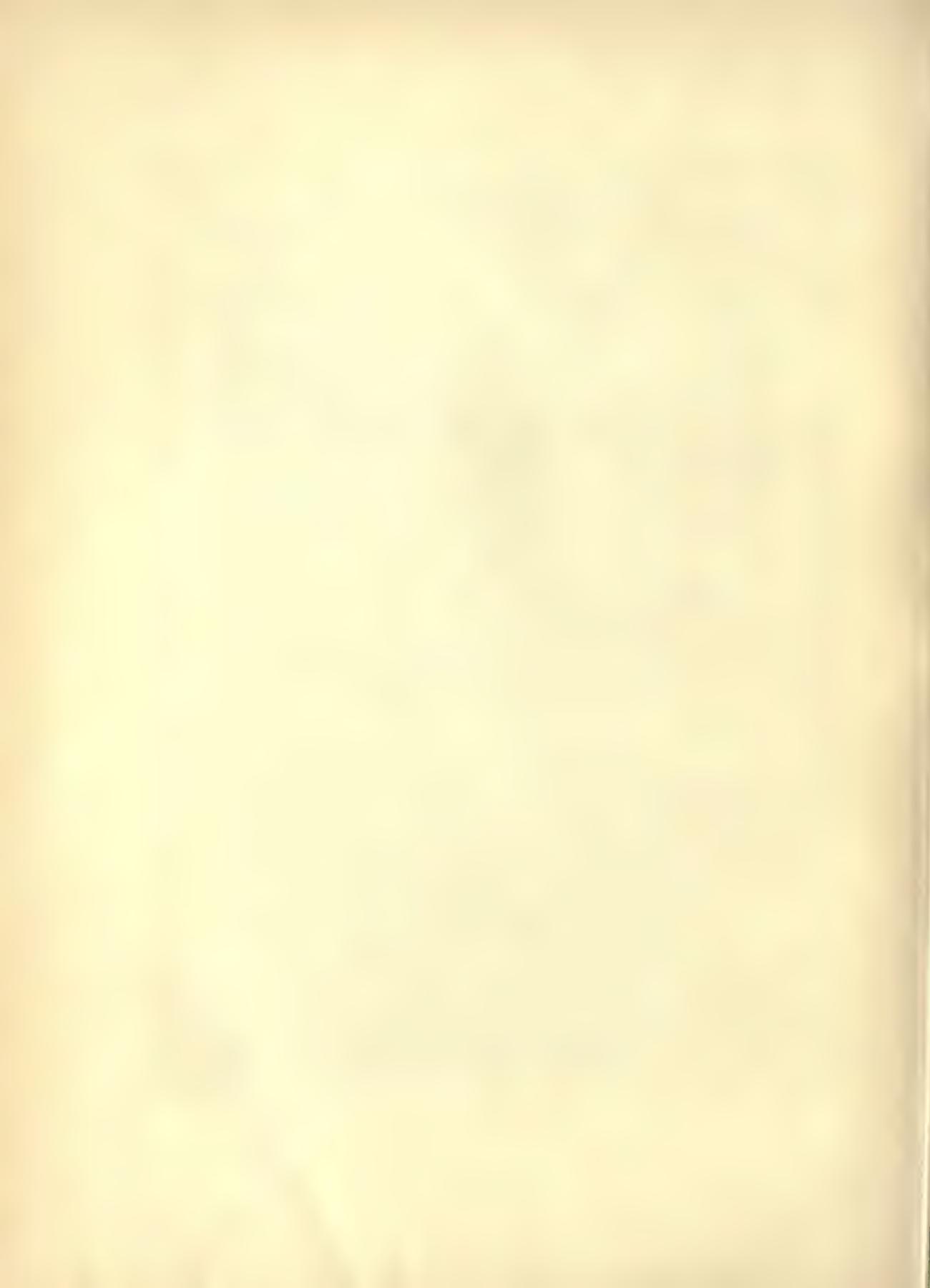
Merlin. Why moother, I can be but half a man at best, And that is your mortality, the rest In me is spirit, 'tis not meat, nor time, That gives this growth and bigness, no, my years Shall be more strange then yet my birth appears, Look mother, there's my Uncle. Joan. How doest thou know him son, thou never saw'ft him? Merlin. Yet I know him, and know the pains he has taken for ye, to finde out my Father, give me your hand, good Uncle. Clown. Ha, ha, I'de laugh at that yfaith, do you know me sir? Merlin. Yes, by the same token that even now you kist the swinherds-wife 'ich' woods, and would have done more, if she would have let you, Uncle.

Clown. A witch, a witch, a witch, sister: rid him out of your company, he is either a witch or a conjurer, he could never have known this else. Joan. Pray love him brother, he is my son.

Clown. Ha, ha, this is worse then all the rest yfaith, by his beard he is more like your husband: let me see, is your great belly gone? Joan. Yes, and this the happy fruit.

Clown.





Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Clown. What, this Hartichoke? A Childe born with a beard on his face? *Merlin.* Yes, and strong legs to go, and teeth to eat.

Clown. You can nurse up your self then? There's some charges sav'd for Soap and Candle, 'ld I have heard of some that has been born with teeth, but never none with such a talking tongue before?

Joan. Come, come, you must use him kindly brother, did you but know his worth, you would make much of him. *Clown.* Make much of a Moncky? This is worse then Tom Thumb, that let a fart in his Mothers belly, a Childe to speak, eat, and go the first hour of his birth, nay, such a Baby as had need of a Barber before he was born too; why sister this is monstrous, and shames all our kindred. *Joan.* That thus 'gainst nature and our common births, he comes thus furnish't to salure the world, is power of Fates, and gift of his great father. *Clown.* Why, of what profession is your father sir? *Merlin.* He keeps a Hot-house 'ith Low Countries, will you see him sir? *Clown.* See him, why sister has the childe found his father? *Mer.* Yes, and Ile fetch him Uncle. *Exit.*

Clown. Do not Uncle me, till I know your kindred, for my conscience some Baboon begot thee, surely thou art horribly deceiv'd sister, this Urchin cannot be of thy breeding, I shall be sham'd to call him cousin, though his father be a Gentleman.

Enter Merlin and Devil.

Merlin. Now my kinde Uncle see,
The Childe has found his Father, this is he.

Clown. The devil it is, ha, ha, is this your sweet-heart sister? have we run through the Countrey, haunted the City, and examin'd the Court to finde out a Gallant with a Hat and Feather, and a filken Sword, and golden Hangers, and do you now bring me to a Ragamuffin with a face like a Frying-pan? *Joan.* Fie brother, you mistake, behold him better. *Clown.* How's this? do you juggle with me, or are mine eyes matches? Hat and Feather, Sword, and Hangers and all, this is a Gallant indeed sister, this has all the marks of him we look for.

Devil. And you have found him now sir: give me your hand, I now must call you brother. *Clown.* Not till you have married my sister, for all this while she's but your whore, sir.

Devil. Thou art too plain, Ile satisfie that wrong to her, and thee, and all, with liberal hand: come, why art thou fearful?

The Birth of Merlin:

Clown. Nay I am not afraid, and you were the devil, sir.

Devil. Thou needit not, keep with thy sister still, and I'll supply your wants, you shall lack nothing that gold and wealth can purchase.

Clown. Thank you brother, we have gone many a weary step to finde you; you may be a husband for a Lady, for you are far fetcht and dear bought, I assure you: Pray how should I call your son, my cousin here?

Devil. His name is *Merlin*.

Clown. *Merlin!* Your hand, cousin *Merlin*, for your fathers sake I accept you to my kindred: if you grow in all things as your Beard does, you will be taikt on. By your Mothers side cousin, you come of the *Go-to'ss*, *Suffolk* bred, but our standing house is at *Hocklye i'sh Hole*, and *Layton-buzzard*. For your father, no doubt you may from him claim Titles of Worship, but I cannot describe it; I think his Ancestors came first from *Hell-bree* in *Wales*, cousin.

Devil. No matter whence we do derive our Name,

All *Brittany* shall ring of *Merlin's* fame,

And wonder at his acts. Go hence to *Wales*,

There live a while, there *Vortiger* the King

Builds Cast'les and strong Holds, which cannot stand

Unless supported by yong *Merlins* hand.

There shall thy fame begin, Wars are a breeding.

The Saxons practise Treason, yet unseen,

Which shortly shall break out: Fair Love, farewell,

Dear son and brother, here must I leave you all,

Yet still I will be near at *Merlins* call.

Exit.

Mor. Will you go Uncle? *Clown.* Yes, I'll follow you, cousin: well, I do most horribly begin to suspect my kindred; this brother in law of mine is the Devil sure, and though he bide his horns with his Hat and Feather, I spi'd his cloven foot for all his cunning.

Exit.

Enter Oftorius, Ota, and Proximus.

Oftor. Come, come, time calls our close Complots to action: go *Proximus*, with winged speed flie hence, hye thee to *Wales*, salute great *Vortiger* with these our Letters; bid the King to arms, tell him we have new friends, more Forces landed in *Norfolk* and *Northumberland*, bid him make haste to meet us; if he keep his word, wee'l part the Realm between us. *Ota*, Bend all thine Art to quit that late disgrace the Christian Hermit gave thee, make thy revenge

Or, The Childe bath found his Father.

revenge both sure and home. *Prox.* That thought sir, spurs me on, till I have wrought their swift destruction. *Exit.*

Ostur. Go then, and prosper. *Ota,* be vigilant : Speak, are the Forts possest? the Guards made sure? Revolve I pray on how large consequence the bare event and seqnel of our hopes joyntly consists, that have embark't our lives upon the hazzard of the least miscarriage. *Ota.* All's sure, the Queen your sister hath contrived the cunning Plot so sure, as at an instant the Brothers shall be both surpriz'd and taken. *Ostur.* And both shall die, yet one a while must live, till we by him have gather'd strength and power to meet bold *Ide* their stern General, that now contrary to the Kings command, hath re-united all his cashier'd Troops, and this way beats his drums to threaten us. *Ota.* Then our Plot's discover'd. *Ostur.* Come, th'art a fool, his Army and his life is given unto us : where is the Queen, my sister? *Ota.* In conference with the Prince.

Ostur. Bring the Guards nearer, all is fair and good, Their Conference I hope shall end in blood.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Artesia.

Artes. Come, come, you do but flatter, what you term Love, is but a Dream of blood, wakes with enjoying, and with open eyes forgot, contemn'd, and lost. *Prince.* I must be wary, her words are dangerous. True, we'll speak of Love no more then.

Artes. Nay, if you will you may,
'Tis but in jest, and yet so children play
With fiery flames, and covet what is bright,
But fearing his effects, abhor the light.
Pleasure is like a Building, the more high,
The narrower still it grows, Cedars do dye
Soonest at top. *Prince.* How does your instanced suit?

Artes. From Art and Nature to make sure the root,
And lay a fast foundation, e're I try
The incertain Changes of a wavering Skie.
Make your example thus.--- You have a kifs.---was it not pleasing?

Prince. Above all name to express it. *Artes.* Yet now the pleasure's gone, and you have lost your joys possession.

Prince. Yet when you please this flood may ebb again.

Artes. But where it never ebbs, there runs the main.

Prince.

The Blush of Merlin:

Prince. Who can attain such hopes? Artes. Ile show the way to it, give me a taste once more of what you may enjoy. Kif.

Prince. Impudent whore! I were more false than Atheism can be, Should I not call this high felicity?

Artes. If I should trust your faith, alas I fear you soon would change belief. Prince. I would covet Martyrdom to make it confirm'd.

Artes. Give me your hand on that, you'll keep your word?

Prince. I will. Artes. Enough: Help husband, king, Aurelius, help, rescue betraide Artesia.

Prince. Nay then 'tis I that am betraide I see,
Yer with thy blood Ile end thy Treachery.

Artes. How now! what troubles you? Is this you sir, that but even now would suffer Martyrdom to win your hopes, and is there now such terror in names of men to fright you? nay then I see what mettle you are made on.

Prince. Ha! was it but tryal? then I ask your pardon: What a dull slave was I to be so fearful? Ile trust her now no more, yet try the utmolt. I am resolved, no brother, no man breathing, were he my bloods begetter, should withhold me from your love, I'd leap into his bosom, and from his brest pull forth that happiness Heaven had reserved in you for my enjoying. Artes. I now you speak a Lover like a Prince: Treason, treason. Prince. Agen. Artes. Help Saxon Princes: Treason.

Enter Ostorius, Octa, &c.

Ostor. Rescue the Queen: strike down the Villain.

Enter Edoll, Aurelius, Donebert, Cadur, Edwin, Taclio, Oswald,

at the other Door.

Edol. Call in the Guards: the Prince in danger! Fall back dear Sir, my brest shall buckler you. Aurel. Beat down their weapons.

Edol. Slave, wert thou made of brass, my sword shall bitt thee. Aurel. Withdraw on pain of death: where is the Traitor?

Artes. Oh save your life, my Lord, let it suffice my beauty forc't mine own captivity. Aurel. Who did attempt to wrong thee?

Prince. Hear me, Sir. Aurel. Oh my sad soul I was't thou?

Artes. Oh do not stand to speak, one minute's stay prevents a second speech for ever.

Aurel. Make our Guards strong: My dear Artesia, let us know thy wrongs, and our own dangers.

Artes. The Prince your brother, with these Britain Lords, have all agreed to take me hence by force, and marry me



Or, *The Childe havyd yfond his Father.*

me to him. Prince. The Devil shall wed thee first : thy baseness and thy lust confound and rot thee. Artes. He courted me even now, and in mine ear sham'd not to plead his most dishonest love, and their attempts to seize your sacred person, either to shut you up within some prison, or which is worse, I fear to murder you. Omnes Brittains. 'Tis all as false as hell.

Edol. And as foul as she is. Artes. You know me, Sir ?

Edol. Yes, Deadly Sin, we know you, and shall discover all your villany. Aurel. Chester forbear. Ostor. Their treasons sir, are plain : Why are their Souldiers lodg'd so near the Court ? Ottæ. Nay, why came he in arms so suddenly ?

Edol. You fleering Anticks, do not wake my fury.

Ottæ. Fury ! Edol. Ratsbane, do not urge me.

Artes. Good sir, keep farther from them. Prince. Oh my sick heart, she is a witch by nature, devil by art. Aurel. Bite thine own slanderous tongue, 'tis thou art false, I have observ'd your passions long ere this. Ostor. Stand on your guard, my Lord, we are your friends, and all our Force is yours.

Edol. To spoil and rob the Kingdom. Aurel. Sir, be silent.

Edol. Silent ! how long ? till Doomsday ? shall I stand by, and hear mine Honor blasted with foul Treason, the State half lost, and your life endanger'd, yet be silent ? Artes. Yes, my blunt Lord, unless you speak your Treasons. Sir, let your Guards, us Traitors, seize them all, and then let tortures and devulsive racks, force a Confession from them. Edol. Wilde-fire and Brimstone eat thee. Hear me sir. Aurel. Sir, Ile not hear you.

Edol. But you shall : Not hear me I were the worlds Monarch, Cesar, living, he should hear me. I tell you Sir, these serpents have betrayd your Life and Kingdom : does not every day bring tidings of more swarms of lowfie slaves, the offal fugitives of barren Germany, that land upon our Coasts, and by our negle& settled in Norfolk and Northumberland ? Ostor. They come as Aids and Safeguards to the King.

Ottæ. Has he not need, when Fortiger's in arms, and you raise Powers, 'tis thought, to joyn with him ? Edol. Peace, you pernicious Rat. Dono. Prithee forbear.

Edol. Away, suffer a gilded rascal, a low-bred despicable creeper, an insulting Toad, to spit his poison'd venome in my face !

Ottæ. Sir, sir.

Edol.

The Birth of Merlin:

Edol. Do not reply, you Cur, for by the Gods, tho' the Kings presence guard thee, I shall break all patience, and like a Lion rous'd to spoil, shall run foul-mouth'd upon thee, and devour thee quick. Speak sir, will you forsake these scorpions, or stay till they have stung you to the heart? *Aurel.* Y'are traitors all, this is our wife, our Queen: brother *Ostorus*, troop your *Saxons* up, we'll hence to *Winchester*, raise more powers, to man with strength the Castle *Camilot*: go hence false men, joyn you with *Vortiger*, the murderer of our brother *Constantine*: we'll hunt both him and you with dreadful vengeance, Since *Brittan* fails, we'll trust to forrain friends, And guard our person from your traitorous ends.

Exeunt: Aurel. Oster. Octa. Artes. Toc. Osw.

Edwin. He's sure bewitch. *Gloft.* What council now for safety? *Dono.* Onely this sir, with all the speed we can, preserve the person of the King and Kingdom. *Cador.* Which to effect, tis best march hence to *Wales*, and set on *Vortiger* before he joyn his Forces with the *Saxons*. *Edwin.* On then with speed for *Wales* and *Vortiger*, that tempest once o'reblown, we come *Ostorus* to meet thy traitorous *Saxons*, thee and them, that with advantage thus have won the King, to back your factions, and to work our ruines.

This by the Gods and my good Sword, I'le set
In bloody lines upon thy Burgonet.

Exeunt.

A C T . 4 . S C E N E . I .

Enter *Clown*, *Merlin*, and a little antick spirit.

Mer. How now Uncle, why do you search your pockets so? do you miss any thing? *Clown.* Ha, Cousin *Merlin*, I hope your beard does not overgrow your honesty, I pray remember you are made up of sisters thread, I am your mothers brother, whosoever was your father. *Merlin.* Why, wherein can you task my duty, Uncle? *Clown.* Your self, or your page it must be, I have kept no other company, since your mother bound your head to my Protectorship, I do feel a fault of one side, either it was that Sparrowhawk, or a Cast of *Merlins*, for I finde a *Covy* of

Or, The Childe bath found his Father.

of Cardecu's sprung out of my pocket. *Merlin.* Why, do you want any money Uncle? sirrah, had you any from him?

Clown. Deny it not, for my pockets are witness against you.

Spirit. Yes I had, to teach you better wit to look to it.

Clown. Pray use your fingers better, and my wit may serve it is sir. *Merlin.* Well, restore it. *Spirit.* There it is.

Clown. I, there's some honesty in this, 'twas a token from your invisible Father Cousin, which I wculd not have to go invisibly from me agen. *Mer.* Well, you are sure you have it now Uncle? *Clown.* Yes, and mean to keep it now, from your pages filching fingers too. *Spirit.* If you have it so sure, pray show it me agen. *Clown.* Yes, my little juggler, I dare show it, ha, cleanly conveyance agen, ye have no invisible fingers have ye? 'Tis gone certainly. *Spirit.* Why sir, I toucht you not.

Mer. Why look you Uncle, I have it now, how ill do you look to it? here keep it safer. *Clown.* Ha, ha, this is fine yfaith, I must keep itme beter company if you have these flights of hand.

Merlin. Come, come, Uncle, tis a'l my Art which shall not offend you sir, onely I g.ve you a taste of it, to show you sport.

Clown. Oh, but 'tis ill jesting with a mans pocket tho'--but I am glad to see you cunning Cousin, for now will I warrant thee a living till thou diest. You have heard the news in Wales here?

Mer. Uncle, let me prevent your care and counsel, 'twill give you better knowledge of my cunning, you would prefer me now in hope of gain, to Vortiger King of the Welch Britains, to whom are all the Artists summon'd now, that seeks the secrets of futurity, the Bards, the Druids, Wizards, Conjurers, not an Aura per with his Whistling spells, no Capuomanster with his m.isty fumes, No Witch or Juggler, but is thither sert,

To calculate the strange and fear'd event

Of his prodigious Castle now in building, where all the labors of the painful day, are ruin'd still i'th' night, and to this place yod would have me go.

Clown. Well, if thy mother were not my sister, I would say she was a witch that begot this; but this is thy Father, not thy mother wit, thou hast taken my tale into thy mouth, and spake my thoughts before me; therefore away, shuffle thy self amongst the Conjurers, and be a made man before thou comest to age.

Mer. Nay, but stay Uncle, you overslip my dangers;

The Birth of Merlin:

the Prophicies and all the cunning Wizards, have certifi'd the King, that this his Castle can never stand, till the foundation's laid with Mortar temper'd with the fatal blood of such a childe, whose father was no mortal. *Clown.* What's this to thee? If the devil were thy father, was not thy mother born at Carmarden? Diggon for that then, and then it must be a childe's blood, and who will take thee for a childe with such a beard of thy face? Is there not diggon for that too Cousin? *Merlin.* I must not go, lend me your ear a while, I'll give you reasons to the contrary.

Enter two Gentlemen.

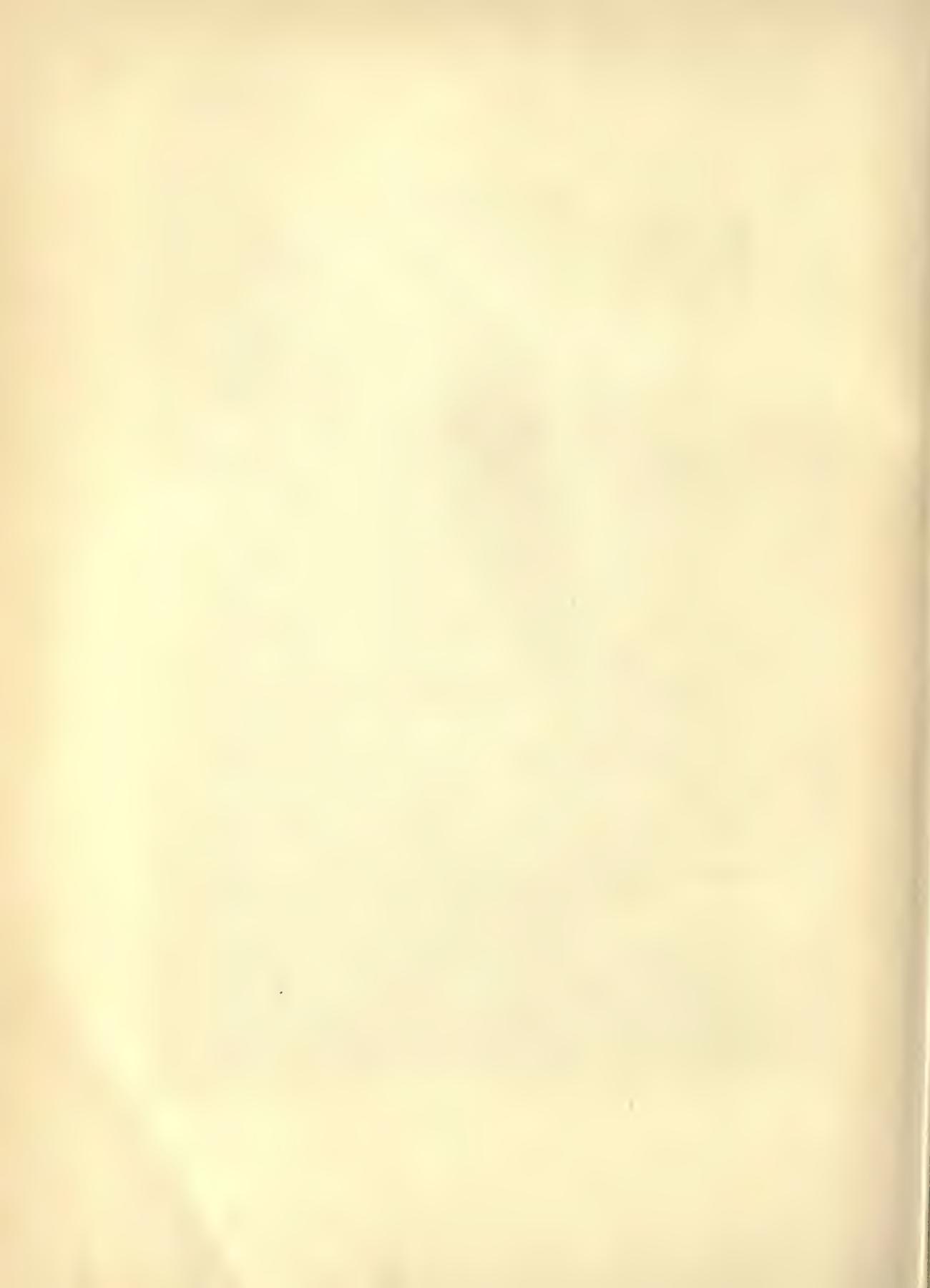
1 Gentle. Sure this is an endless piece of work the King has sent us about! *2 Gentle.* Kings may do it, man, the like has been done to finde out the Unicorn. *1 Gentle.* Which will be sooner found I think, then this fiend's begotten childe we seek for.

2 Gentle. Pox of those Conjurors that would speak of such a one, and yet all their cunning could not tell us where to finde him.

1 Gentle. In Wales they say assuredly he lives, come let's enquire further. *Mer.* Uncle, your persuasions must not prevail with me, I know mine enemies better then you do. *Clown.* I say th'art a bastard then if thou disobey thine Uncle, was not Joan Gotoo's thy mother, my sister? if the devil were thy father, what kin art thou to any man alive, but Baily's and Brokers? and they are but brothers in Law to thee neither. *1 Gentle.* How's this, I think we shall speed here. *2 Gentle.* I, and unlookt for too, gone're and listen to them. *Clown.* Hast thou a beard to hide it, wil't thou show thy self a childe, wil't thou have more hair then wit? Wil't thou deny thy mother, because no body knows thy father? Or shall thine Uncle be an ass? *1 Gentle.* Bless ye friend, pray what call you this small Gentleman's name?

Clown. Small, sir, a small man may be a great Gentleman, his father may be of an ancient house, for ought we know sir.

2 Gentle. Why? do you not know his father? *Clown.* No, nor you neither I think, unless the devil be in ye. *1 Gentle.* What is his name sir? *Clown.* His name is my Cousin sir, his education is my sisters son, but his manners are his own. *Merlin.* Why ask ye Gentleman? my name is Merlin. *Clown.* Yes, and a Goshawk was his father, for ought we know, for I am sure his mother was a Wind-sucker. *2 Gentle.* He has a mother then? *Clown.* As sure



Or, The Childe hark found his Father.

as I have a sister, sir. 1 Gentle. But his father you leave doubtful. Clown. Well Sir, as wise men as you, doubt whether he had a father or no? 1 Gentle. Sure this is he we seek for.

2 Gent. I think no less: and sir, we let you know the King hath sent for you. Clown. The more childe he, and he had bin rul'd by me, he should have gone before he was sent for.

1 Gent. May we not see his mother? Clown. Yes, and feel her too if you anger her, a devilish thing I can tell ye she has been, Ile go fetch her to ye. Exit.

2 Gent. Sir, it were fit you did resolve for speed, you must unto the King. Mer. My Service sir, shall need no strict command, it shall obey most peaceably, but needless 'tis to fetch what is brought home, my journey may be staid, the King is coming hither with the same quest you bore before him. hark, this drum will tell ye. Within Drums beat a low March.

1 Gent. This is some cunning indeed sir.

Florish. Enter Vortiger reading a letter, Proximus, with Drum
and Soldiers, &c.

Vorti. Still in our eye your message Proximus, we keep to spur our speed: Ostroiu, and Osta, we shall salute with succor against Prince Uter and Aurelius, whom now we hear incamps at Winchester, there's nothing interrupes our way so much, as doth the erection of this fatal Castle, that spite of all our Art and daily labor, the night still ruines. Prox. As erst I did affirm, still I maintain, the fiend begotten childe must be found out, whose blood gives strength to the foundation, it cannot stand else.

Enter Clown, and Joan, Merlin.

Vorti. Ha! I'lt so? then Proximus by this intelligence he should be found: speak, is this he you tell of? Clown. Yes Sir, and I his Uncle, and she his mother. Vorti. And who is his father?

Clown. Why, she his mother can best tell you that, and yet I think the childe be wise enough, for he has found his father.

Vort. Woman, is this thy son? Joan. It is, my Lord.

Vor. What was his father? Or where lives he?

Merl. Mother speak freely and unastonisht,
That which you dar'd to a&t, dread not to name.

Joan. In which I shall betray my sin and shame,
But since it mith be so, then know great King, all that my self yet

The Birth of Merlin:

knows of him, is this: In pride of blood and beauty I did live, my glafs the Altar was, my face the Idol, such was my peevish love unto my self, that I did hate all other, such disdain was in my scornful eye, that I suppos'd no mortal creature worthy to enjoy me, thus with the Peacock I beheld my train, but never saw the blackness of my feer, oft have I chid the winds for breathing on me, and curst the Sun, fearing to blast my beauty, in mid'st of this most lepros disease, a seeming fair yong man appear'd unto me, in all things suiting my aspiring pride, and with him brought along a conquering power, to which my frailty yielded, from whose embraces this issue came, what more he is, I know not.

Vorti. Some *Incubus*, or Spirit of the night begot him then, for surano mortal did it. Mer. No matter who my Lord, leave further quest, since 'tis as hurtful as unnecessary more to enquire: Go to the cause my Lord, why you have sought me thus?

Vorti. I doubt not but thou knowst, yet to be plain, I sought thee for thy blood. Mer. By whose direction?

Prox. By mine, my Art infalable instructed me, upon thy blood must the foundation rise of the Kings building, it cannot stand else.

Mer. Hast thou such leisure to enquire my Fate, and let thine own hang careless over thee? Knowst thou what penderous mischief roofs thy head, how fatal, and how sudden?

Prox. Pish, bearded abortive, thou foretel my danger! my Lord, he trifles to delay his own. Mer. No, I yield my self: and here before the King, make good thine Augury, as I shall mine, if thy fate fall not, thou hast spoke all truth, and let my blood satisfie the Kings desires: if thou thy self wilt write thine Epitaph, dispatch it quickly, there's not a minutes time 'twixt thee and thy death.

A stone falls and kills Proximus.

Prox. Ha, ha, ha. Mer. I, so, thou mayest die laughing.

Vorti. Ha! This is above admiration, look, is he dead?

Clown. Yes sir, here's brains to make morter on, if you'll use them: Cousin Merlin, there's no more of this stome fruit ready to fall, is there? I pray give your Uncle a little fair warning.

Mer. Remove that shape of death, and now my Lord for clear satisfaction of your doubts, Merlin will show the fatal cause that keeps your fatal Castle down, and hinders your proceedings: Stand there, and by an apparition see the labor and end of al your destiny.

Mother

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Mother and Uncle, you must be absent. *Clown.* Is your fa-
ther coming Cousin? *Mer.* Nay, you must be gone.

Joan. Come, you'll offend him brother. *Clown.* I would fain
see my Brother i' law, if you were married I might lawfully call him
so. *Merlin* strikes his wand.

Thunder and Lightning, two Dragons appear, a White and a Red,
they fight a while and pause.

Vor. What means this stay?

Mer. Be not amaz'd my Lord, for on the victory
Of loss or gain, as these two Champions ends
Your fate, your life, and kingdom all depends,
therefore observe it well. *Vor.* I shall, heaven be auspicious to us.

Thunder: The two Dragons fight agen, and the White Dragon drives
off the Red.

Vor. The conquest is on the white Dragons part, now Merlin
faithfully expound the meaning. *Mer.* Your Grace must then
not be offended with me. *Vor.* It is the weakest part I found
in thee, to doubt of me so slightly, shall I blame my prophet that
foretells me of my dangers? thy cunning I approve most excellent.

Mer. Then know my Lord, there is a dampish Cave, the night-
ly habitation of these Dragons, vaulted beneath where you would
build your Castle, whose enmity and nightly combats there, main-
tain a constant ruine of your labors: To make it more plain, the
Dragons then your self betoken, and the Saxon King, the vanquishe
Red, is sir, your dreadful Emblem. *Vor.* Oh my fate!

Mer. Nay, you must bear with patience Royal sir, you slew the
lawful King *Constantius*, 'twas a red deed, your Crown his blood
did cement, the English Saxon first brought in by you, for aid a-
gainst *Constantius* brethren, is the white horror who now knit toge-
ther, have driven and shut you up in these wilde mountains, and
though they now seek to unite with friendship, it is to wound your
bosom, not embrace it, and with an utter extirpation to rout the
Brittains out, and plant the English. Seek for your safety Sir, and
spend no time to luid the airy Castles, for Prince Uter armed with
vengeance for his brothers blood is hard upon you, if you mistrust
me, and to my words craves witness sir, then know here comes a
messenger to tell you so.

Exit Mer.

Enter

The Birth of Merlin:

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord! Prince Uter Vort. And who else sir?

Messen. Edol, the great General. Vort. The great Devil, they are coming to meet us. Messen. With a full power my Lord. Vort. With a full vengeance they mean to meet us, so we are ready to their confront as full march double footing, we'll loose no ground, nor shall their numbers fright us, If it be fate, it cannot be withstood,

We got our Crown so, be it lost in blood.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince Uter, Edol, Cador, Edwin, Toclio, with Drum
and Soldiers.

Prince. Stay, and advice, hold drum. Edol. Beat slave, why do you pause? why make a stand? where are our enemies? or do you mean we fight amongst our selves? Prince. Nay, noble Edol, let us here take counsel, it cannot hurt, it is the surest Garison to safety. Edol. Fie on such slow delays! so fearful men that are to pass over a flowing river, stand on the bank to parly of the danger, till the tide rise and then be swallowed, is not the King in field?

Cador. Proud Vortiger, the Traitor is in field. Edwin. The Murderer, and Usurper. Edol. Let him be the devil so I may fight with him, for heavens love sir march on, oh my patience, will you delay till the Saxons come to aid his party? A Tucker.

Prince. There's no such fear, prithee be calm a while, hark, it seems by this, he comes or sends to us. Edol. If it be for party, I will drown the summons, if all our drums and boarshorns choke me me not.

Enter Captain.

Prince. Nay, prithee hear, from whence art thou?

Cap. From the King Vortiger. Edol. Traitor, there's none such: Alarum drum, strike slave, or by mine honor I will break thy head, and beat thy drums heads both about thine ears.

Prince. Hold noble Edol, let's hear what Articles he can enforce.

Edol. What articles, or what conditions can you expect to value half your wrong, unless he kill himself by thousand tortures, and send his carcase to appease your vengeance, for the foul murder of Constantius, and that's not a tenth part neither. Prince. 'Tis true, my brothers blood is crying to me now, I do appaund thy counsel: hence, be gone.

Exit Cap.

We'll bear no parly now but by our swords:

Edol.

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Edol. And those shall speak home in death killing words,
Alarum to the fight, sound, sound the Alarum. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Edol* driving all *Vortiger's* Force before him, then

Enter Prince *Uter* pursuing *Vortiger*. *Exit.*

Vort. Dost follow me? *Prince.* Yes, to thy death I will.

Vort. Stay, be advis'd, I would not be the onely fall of Princes,
I slew thy brother: *Prince.* Thou didst black Traitor, and in
that vengeance I pursue thee. *Vort.* Take mercy for thy self,
and flie my sword, save thine own life as satisfaction, which here I
give thee for thy brothers death. *Prince.* Give what's thine
own: a Traitors heart and head, that's all thou art right Lord of;
the Kingdom which thou usurp'st, thou most unhappy Tyrant, is
leaving thee, the Saxons which thou broughtest to back thy usurpa-
tions, are grown great, and where they seat themselves, do hourly
seek to blot the Records of old *Brute* and *Brittains*, from memory
of men, calling themselves *Hingest-men*, and *Hingest-land*, that no
more the *Britain* name be known; all this by thee, thou base de-
stroyer of thy Native Countrey. Enter *Edol*.

Edol. What, stand you talking? Fight. *Prince.* Hold *Edol*.

Ed. Hold out my sword, and listen not to King or Princes word,
There's work enough abroad, this task is mine. *Alarum.*

Prince. Prosper thy Valour, as thy Virtues shine. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Cador* and *Edwin*.

Cador. Bright Victory her self fights on our part, and buckled
in a go'den Beaver, rides triumphantly before us. *Edw.* Justice
is with her, who ever takes the true and rightful cause, let us not
lag behinde them. Enter *Prince*.

Cador. Here comesthe Prince, how goes our fortunes Sir?

Prince. Hopeful, and fair, brave *Cador*, proud *Vortiger* beat down
by *Edols* sword, was rescu'd by the following multitudes, and now
for safety's fled unto a Castle here standing on the hill: but I have
sent a cry of hounds as violent as hunger, to break his stony walls,
or if they fail,

We'l send in wilde fire to dislodge him thence,
Or burn them all with flaming violence. *Exeunt.*

Blazing Star appears.

Florish Tromp. Enter *Prince*, *Uter*, *Edol*, *Cador*, *Edwin*, *Toolio* with
with Drum and Soldiers.

Prince

The Birth of Merlin:

Prin. Look Edol: Still this fiery exhalation shoots his frightful horrors on th' amazed world, see in the beam that 'bout his flaming ring,
a Dragons head appears, from out whose mouth two flaming flakes
of fire, stretch East and West. Edol. And see, from forth the
body of the Star, seven smaller blazing streams, directly point on
this affrighted kingdom. Cador. 'Tis a dreadful Meteor.

Edwin. And doth portend strange fears. Prince. This is no
Crown of Peace, this angry fire hath something more to burn then
Vortiger, if it alone were pointed at his fall, it would pull in his
blazing Pyramids, and be appear'd, for Vortiger is dead.

Edol. These never come without their large effects.

Prince. The will of heaven be done, our sorrows this we want,
a mutick Python to expound this fiery Oracle.

Cador. Oh no my Lord, you have the best that ever Brittain bred,
and durst I prophecy of your Prophet sir, none like him shall suc-
ceed him. Prince. You mean Merlin. Cador. True sir,
wonderous Merlin, he met us in the way, and did foretell the for-
tunes of this day successful to us. Edwin. He's sure about the
Camp, send for him sir. Cador. He told the bloody Vortiger his
fate, and truely too, and if I could give faith to any Wizards skill,
it should be Merlin.

Enter Merlin and Clown.

Cador. And see my Lord, as if to satisfy your Highness pleasure,
Merlin is come. Prince. See, the Comet's in his eye, disturb
him nor.

Edol. With what a pierc'ng judgement he beholds
it! Mer. Whicher will Heaven and Fate translate this King-
dom? what revolutions, rise and fall of Nations
Is figur'd yonder in that Star, that sings.

The change of Britains State, and death of Kings?
Ha! He's dead already, how swiftly mischief creeps!

Thy fatal end sweet Prince, even Merlin weeps.

Prince. He does foresee some evil, his action shows it, for e're
he does expound, he weeps the story. Edol. There's another
weeps too. Sirrah dost thou understand what thou lament'st for?

Clown. No sir, I am his Uncle, and weep because my Cousin
weeps, flesh and blood cannot forbear. Prince. Gentle Merlin,
speak thy prophetic knowledge, in explanation of this fiery hor-
ror, from which we gather from thy mournful tears, much sorrow
and

Or, The Childe bath foun'd his Father.

and disaster in it. *Mer.* 'Tis true fair Prince, but you must hear the rest with patience. *Mer.* I vow I will, tho' it portend my ruine.

Mer. There's no such fear, this brought the fiery fall of *Vortiger*, and yet not him alone, this day is fald a King more good, the glory of our Land, the milde, and gentle, sweet *Aurelius*.

Prince. Our brother! *Edwin.* Forefend it heaven.

Mer. He at his Palace Royal sir at *Winchester*, this day is dead and poison'd. *Cador.* By whom? Or what means *Merlin*?

Mer. By the Traiterous Saxons. *Edol.* I ever fear'd as much: that devil *Ostoriu*, and the damn'd witch *Artesia*, sure has done it.

Prince. Poison'd! oh look further gentle *Merlin*, behold the Star agen, and do but finde revenge for me, though it cost thousand lives, and mine the foremost. *Mer.* Comfort your self, the heavens have given it fully, all the portentious ills to you is told, now hear a happy story sir from me, to you and to your fair posterity.

Clown. Me thinks I see something like a peel'd Oinon, it makes me weep agen. *Mer.* Be silent Uncle, you'l be forc't else. *Clown.* Can you not finde in the Star, Coulin, whether I can hold my tongue or no? *Edol.* Yes, I must cut it out.

Clown. Phu, you speak without book sir, my Cousin *Merlin* knows. *Mer.* True, I must tie it up; now speak your pleasure Uncle.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, hum. *Mer.* So, so -- now observe my Lord, and there behold above yon flame-hair'd beam that upward shoots, appears a Dragons head, out of whose mouth two streaming lights point their flame-feather'd darts contrary ways, yet both shall have their aims: Again behold from the ignifirent body, seven splendant and illustrious rays are spred, all speaking Heralds to this *Brittaine Isle*, and thus they are expounded: The Dragons head is the Heroglyphick that figures out your Princely self, that here must reign a King, those by-form'd fires that from the Dragons mouth shoot East and West, emblem two Royal babes, which shall proceed from you, a son and daughter: her pointed constellation Northwest bending, Crowns Her a Queen in *Ireland*, of whom first springs That Kingdoms Title to the *Brittaine Kings*.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum. *Mer.* But of your Son, thus Fate and *Merlin* tells, all after times shall fill their Chronicles with fame of his renown, whose warlike sword shall pass through fertile *France*

The Birth of Merlin:

and Germany, nor shall his conjuring foot be forc't to stand, till Romes Imperial Wreath hath crown'd his Fame with Monarch of the West, from whose seven hills with Conquest, and contributory Kings, he back returns to inlarge the *Brittan* bounds, his Heraldry adorn'd with thirteen Crowns. *Clown.* Hum, hum, hum.

Mer. He to the world shall add another Worthy, and as a Load-stone for his prowes, draw a train of Marshal Lovers to his Court: It shall be then the best of Knight-hoods honor, at *Winchester* to fill his Castle Hall, and at his Royal Table sit and feast in warlike orders, all their arms round hurl'd, as if they meant to circumscribe the world. [he touches the Clown's mouth with his wand]

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, oh that I could speak a little.

Mer. I know your mind Uncle, agen be silent. [strikes agen]

Prince. Thou speakest of wonders *Merlin*, prithee go on, declare at full this Constellation. *Mer.* Those seven beams pointing downward, sir, beoken the troubles of this Land, which then shall meet with other Fate; War and Dissension strives to make division, till seven Kings agree to draw this Kingdom to a Heptarchy.

Prince. Thine art hath made such proof, that we believe thy words authentical, be ever neer us, my Prophet, and the Guide of all my actions. *Mer.* My service shall be faithful to your person, and all my studies for my Countries safety. *Clown.* Hum, hum, hum. *Mer.* Come, you are releast, sir. *Clown.* Cousin, pray help me to my tongue agen, you do not mean I shall be dumb still I hope? *Mer.* Why, hast thou not thy tongue?

Clown. Ha! yes, I feel it now, I was so long dumb, I could not well tell whether I spake or no. *Prince.* Is't thy advice we presently pursue the bloody *Saxons*, that have slain ny brother?

Mer. With your best speed, my Lord, Prosperity will keep you company. *Cador.* Take then your Title with you, Royal Prince, twill adde unto our strength, *Long live King Uter.*

Edol. Put the Addition to't that Heaven hath given you: The *DRAGON* is your Emblem, bear it bravely, and so long live and ever happy styl'd *Uter-Pendragon*, lawful King of *Brittan*.

Prince. Thanks *Edol*, we imbrace the name and title, and in our Sheild and Standard shall the figure of a Red Dragon still be born before us, to fright the bloody *Saxons*. Oh my *Aurelius*, sweet rest thy soul; let thy disturbed spirit

Expect



Or, The Childe bath found his Father.

Expect revenge, think what it would, it hath,
The Dragon's coming in his fiery wrath.

Exeunt.

A C T . 5 . S C E N E . 1 .

Thunder, then Musick.

Enter Joan fearfully, the Devil following her.

Joan. Hence thou black horror, is thy lustful fire kindled agen? Not thy loud throated thunder, nor thy adulterate infernal Musick, shall e're bewitch me more, oh too too much is past already. *Devil.* Why dost thou fly me? I come a Lover to thee, to imbrace, and gently twine thy body in mine arms.

Joan. Out thou Hell-hound.

Devil. What hound so e're I be, Fawning and sporting as I would with thee, why should I not be stroakt and plaid withal, will't thou not thank the Lion might devour thee, if he shall let thee pass?

Joan. Yes, thou art he, free me, and Ile thank thee.

Devil. Why, whither wouldst? I am at home with thee, thou art mine own, have we not charge of family together, where is your son? *Joan.* Oh darkness cover me.

Devil. There is a pride which thou hast won by me, the mother of a fame shall never die, Kings shall have need of written Chronicles, to keep their names alive, but Merlin none, ages to ages shall like *Sabalists*

Report the wonders of his name and glory, While there are tongues and times to tell his story.

Joan. Oh rot my memory before my flesh, let him be ca'led some hell or earth-bred moniter, that ne're had hapless woman for a mother: sweet death deliver me, hence from my sight, why shouldst thou now appear? I had no pride nor lustful thought about me, to conjure and call thee to my ruine, when as at first thy cursed person became visible: *Devil.* I am the same I was.

Joan. But I am chang'd. *Devil.* Agen Ile change thee to the same thou wert, quench to my lust, come forth by thunder led, my Coajutors in the spoils of mortals.

Thunder.

Enter

The Birth of Merlin:

Enter Spirit.

Claspe in your Ebon arms that prize of mine, mount her as high as
palled *Hecate*, and on this rock Ile stand to cast up fumes and
darkness o're the blew fac'd firmament; from *Britann*, and from
Merlin, Ile remove her, they ne're shall meet agen.

Joan. Help me some saving hand, if not too late, I cry let mercy
come.

Enter Merlin.

Mer. Stay you black slaves of night, let loose your hold, set her
down safe, or by th' infernal Stix, Ile bide you up with exorcisms so
strong, that all the black pentagonon of hell, shall ne're release
you, save you selves and vanish.

Exit Spirit.

Devil. Ha ! What's he ? *Mer.* *The Childe has found his Fa-*
ther, do you not know me ? *Devil.* *Merlin!* *Joan.* Oh, help
me gentle son. *Mer.* Fear not, they shall not hurt you.

Devil. Relievest thou her to disobey thy father?

Mer. Obedience is no lesson in your school, nature and kind to
her, commands my duty, the part that you begot was against kinde,
so all I owe to you is to be unkind. *Devil.* Ile blast thee slave
to death, and on this rock stick thee an eternal Monument.

Mer. Ha, ha, thy powers too weak, what art thou devil, but
an inferior lustful *Incubus*, taking advantage of the wanton flesh,
wherewith thou dost beguile the ignorant? put off the form of thy
humanity, and cral upon thy speckled belly, serpent, or Ile unclasp
the jaws of *Achoron*, and fix thee ever in the local fire.

Devil. Traitor to hell; curse that I e're begot thee.

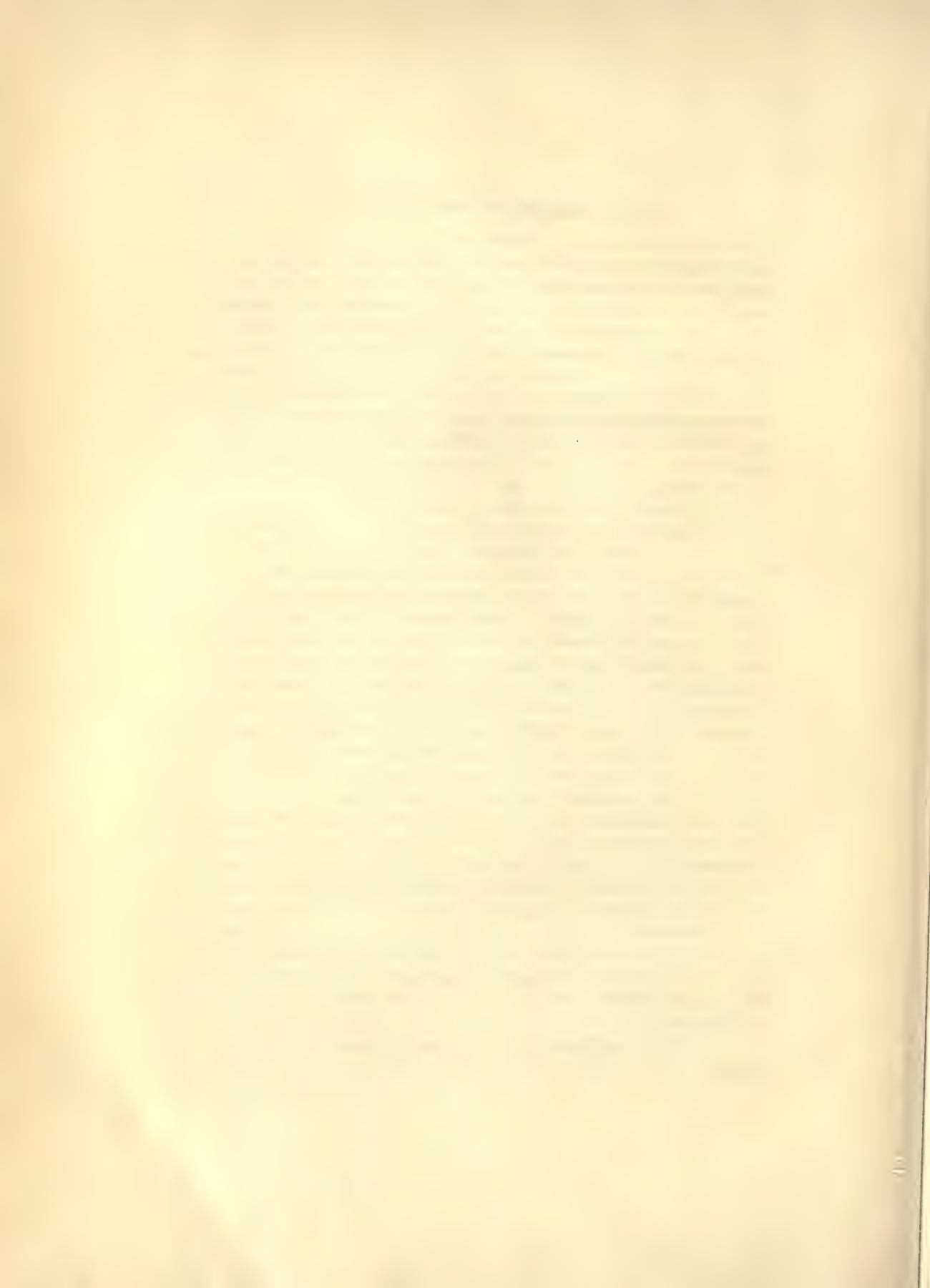
Mer. Thou didst beget thy scourge, storm not, nor stir, the
power of Merlins Art is all confirm'd in the Fates decretals, --- Ile
ransack hell, and make thy [Thunder and Lighting in the Rock.
masters bow unto my spells, thou first shall taste it, --- *Tenibrarum*
precis, devitiarum, & insirorum, Deus, hunc Incubum in ignis eterni abi-
sum, accipite aut in hoc carcere tenebroso, in semperatum astringere
mando.] [the Rock incloses him.]

So, there beget earthquakes or some noisom damps, for never
shalt thou touch a woman more: How chear you mother ?

Joan. Oh now my son is my deliverer; yet I must name him
with my deepest sorrow.

Alarum afar off.

Mer. Take comfort now, past times are ne're recal'd;
I did foresee your mischief and prevent it : hark, how the sounds



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

of war now call me hence to aid Pendragon, that in battail stands against the Saxons, from whose aid Merlin must not be absent: leave this soyl, and Ile condu&t you to a place retir'd, which I by art have rais'd, call'd Merlins Bower, there shall you dwell with solitary sighs, with grones and passions your companions, to weep away this flesh you have offended with, and leave all bare unto your aierial soul, and when you die, I will erect a Monument upon the verdant Plains of Salisbury, no King shall have so high a sepulchre, with pendulous stones that I will hang by art, where neither Lime nor Morter shalbe us'd, a dark Enigma to the memory, for none shall have the power to number them, a place that I will hollow for your rest,

Where no Night-hag shall walk, nor Ware-wolf tread,
Where Merlins Mother shall be sepulcher'd. Exeunt.

Enter Dorobert, Gloster and Hermit.

Dono. Sincerely Gloster, I have told you all: My Daughters are both vow'd to Single Life, and this day gone unto the Nunnery, though I begot them to another end, and fairly promis'd them in Marriage, one to Earl Cador, t'other to your son, my worthy friend, the Earl of Gloster. Those lost, I am lost: they are lost, all's lost. Answer me this then, Is't a sin to marry?

Hermit. Oh no, my Lord.

Dono. Go to then, Ile go no further with you, I perswade you to no ill, perswade you then that I perswade you well.

Gloster. 'Twill be a good Office in you, sir.

Enter Cador and Edwin.

Dono. Which since they thus negle&t, my memory shall lose them now for ever. See, see the Noble Lords, their promis'd Husbands! had Fate so pleas'd, you might have call'd me Father.

Edwin. Those hopes are past, my Lord, for even this minute we saw them both enter the Monastery, secluded from the world and men for ever.

Cador. 'Tis both our griefs we cannot, Sir: but from the King take you the Times joy from us; The Saxon King *Osgrius* slain, and *Osta* fled, that Woman-fury, Queen *Artesia*, is fast in hold, and forc't to re-deliver London and *Winchester* (which she had fortifi'd) to Princely *Uter*, lately styl'd *Pendragon*, who now triumphantly is marching hither to be invested with the *Britain* Crown.

Dono.

The Birth of Merlin:

Dono. The joy of this, shall banish from my breast all thought
that I was Father to two Children, two stubborn Daughters, that
have left me thus: Let my old arms embrace, and call you Sons;
for by the Honor of my Fathers House, I'll part my estate most
equally betwixt you.

Edwin Cador. Sir, y'are most noble!

Flor. Tromp. Enter Edol with Drum and Colours, Oswold bear-
ing the Standard, Teclio the Sheild, with the Red Dragon pictur'd
in 'em, two Bishops with the Crown, Prince Uter, Merlin,
Artesia bound, Guard and Clown.

Prince. Set up our Sheild and Standard, noble Soldiers,
We have firm hope that tho' our Dragon sleep,
Merlin will us and our fair Kingdom keep.

Clown. As his Uncle lives, I warrant you. Glost. Happy Re-
storer of the Britains fame, uprising Sun let us salute thy glory,
ride in a day perpetual about us, and no night be in thy thrones zo-
diack, why do we stay to binde those Princely browes with this
Imperial Honor? Prince. Stay noble Gloster, that monster first
must be expel'd our eye, or we shall take no joy in it.

Dono. If that be hindrance, give her quick Judgement, and send
her hence to death, she has long deserv'd it.

Edol. Let my Sentence stand for all, take her hence, and stake
her carcase in the burning Sun, till it be parcht and dry, and then
fley off her wicked skin, and stuff the pelt with straw to be shown
up and down at Fairs and Markets, two pence a piece to see so
foul a Monster, will be a fair Monopoly and worth the begging.

Artes. Ha, ha, ha. Edol. Dost laugh Erietho?

Artes. Yes, at thy poor invention, is there no better torturer-
monger? Dono. Burn her to dust. Artes. That's a Phanix
death, and glorious. Edol. I, that's to good for her.

Prince. Alive she shall be bur'ed circled in a wall, thou mur-
dress of a King, there starve to death.

Artes. Then Ile starve death when he comes for his prey, and
i'th' mean time Ile live upon your curses.

Edol. I, 'tis diet good enough, away with her.

Artes. With joy, my best of wishes is before,
Thy brother's poison'd, but I wanted more.

Exit.

Prince.

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Prince. Why does our Prophet Merlin stand apart, sadly observing these our Ceremonies, and not applaud our joys with thy hid knowledge? Let thy divining Art now satisfie some part of my desires; for well I know 'tis in thy power to show the full event, that shall both end our Reign and Chronicle: speak learned Merlin, and resolve my fears, whether by war we shall expel the Saxons, or govern what we hold with beauteous peace in Wales and Brittain?

Mer. Long happiness attend Pendragons Reign, what Heaven decrees, fate hath no power to alter: The Saxons, sir, will keep the ground they have, and by supplying numbers still incease, till Brittain be no more. So please your Grace, I will in visible apparitions, present you Prophecies which shall concern Succeeding Princes, which my Art shall raise, Till men shall call these times the latter days.

Prince. Do it my Merlin, and Crown me with much joy and wonder.

Merlin strikes

Hoeboys. Enter a King in Armour, his Sheild quarter'd with thirteen Crowns. At the other door enter divers Princes who present their Crowns to him at his feet, and do him homage, then

enters Death and strikes him, he growing sick, Crowns

Constantine.

Exeunt.

Mer. This King, my Lord, presents your Royal Son, who in his prime of years shall be so fortunate, that thirteen several Princes, shall present their several Crowns unto him, and all Kings else shall so admire his fame and victories, that they shall all be glad either through fear or love, to do him homage; But death (who neither favors the weak nor valiant) in the middest of all his glories, soon shall seize him, scarcely permitting him to appointone in all his purchased Kingdoms to succeed him.

Prince. Thanks to our Prophet for this so wish'd for satisfaction, and hereby now we learn that always Fate must be observ'd, what ever that decree,

All future times shall still record this Story,
Of Merlin's learned worth, and Arthur's glory.

Exeunt Omnes.

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